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CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

See page 100.

VANQUISHED VICTORS;

OR,

Sketches of Distinguished Men

WHO OVERCAME THE OBSTACLES
IN THEIR WAY TO FAME, BUT FAILED TO GAIN THAT
SELF-MASTERY WHICH IS THE GREATEST AND
GRANDEST OF ALL CONQUESTS.

By DANIEL WISE, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "UNCROWNED KINGS," "STORY OF A WONDERFUL LIFE," ETC.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."
"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

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PREFATORY NOTE.

ONE purpose of this volume is to give young people a bold outline of the lives and character of a few men whose names live in modern history, to point out the sources of their power, to record their successes, and to note the steps by which they ascended from obscurity to distinction. Its other and higher aim is to place their deeds in the light of those exalted ethical principles which were given for the guidance of human conduct by Him "who spake as never man spake." In doing this the writer, while looking with the pitifulness of Christian charity on the faults of these immortal sons

of genius, has not permitted his judgment to be so blinded by the splendor of their achievements as to fail of perceiving the utter hollowness of that success which does not include the regeneration of the spiritual nature and the attainment of that noblest of all crowns—the crown of eternal life. On the contrary, he has faithfully but kindly portrayed the vices by which their great natures were enchained to the sole pursuit of the honor which cometh from men, and held back from that "patient continuance in well-doing," by which men who strive for the highest success "seek for glory and honor and immortality."

Should the story of these illustrious sons of fame, who were vanquished in that grand arena in which the prize is "eternal life," teach the young reader how to place a right estimate on gains which may be weighed by golden weights, described by titles of honor, expressed in strains of popular applause, or determined by what is written on the roll of mortal fame, the writer's aim will be reached. Should it incline some aspiring young man to "count all things loss"

which do not contribute to the development of the spiritual nature, he will feel that he has won an author's most precious crown.

DANIEL WISE.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

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VANQUISHED VICTORS.

I.

PAUL JONES,

The Hero of our Revolutionary Navy.

PAUL JONES, as is well known, was a naval hero who won high renown during our Revolutionary War. He was, in fact, the Nelson of our little navy at that period. With slender means, he made his name terrible to England and honorable in Europe. His deeds won him a distinguished place among famous men; his patriotism gave him no mean rank among the founders of our great Republic; his name is honorably emblazoned on the roll of fame. In these respects he must be reckoned

one of the world's victors. Was he vanquished in the nobler field of moral conflict? Let the record of his life answer this important inquiry.

Paul Jones, or John Paul, as he was originally named, was the son of a gardener in the employment of the Laird of Arbigland, in Scotland. He was born June 6, 1747. Bred amidst the romantic scenery of the coast of Galloway, he early learned to love a rambling life. To explore the towering heights of the neighboring mountains, to penetrate the rocky caverns which lie along the grand coast line adjacent to his home, and to ply the oar or trim the sail on the waters of the Nith, the Solway, and the Esk, were the chosen pursuits of his boyhood, while the majestic tops of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, visible from the porch of his father's cottage, and seeming in the dim distance like gigantic works of enchantment, filled his glowing imagination with visions of the world beyond them, and tempted him to venture forth in pursuit of experiences and adventures unattainable in his quiet home.

Obedient to this rambling impulse, when only

twelve years old he bade adieu to the peaceful garden in which his father toiled, and, going to Fairhaven, became the apprentice of a ship-owner who traded with the American Colonies. His first voyage was to Virginia in the *Friendship*.

It was at this period that Paul displayed a degree of wisdom beyond his years, and very unusual in poor boys thrown so early upon their own resources. Though poorly educated at home, he now gave himself to the earnest study of navigation, and such other branches of knowledge as are necessary to success in sea-faring life. Whether aship or ashore he gave his spare hours to his books, and thus, while acquiring practical skill in working a ship, mastered the theory of his profession, and unconsciously fitted himself intellectually for the remarkable career he was destined to pursue. Had he been content, as thousands of cabin-boys have been and still are, merely to moil at sailor's tasks, and to spend his idle hours listening to the veracious yarns of the forecastle, the world would never have heard of him as a patriotic hero, though, perchance, he might have

annoyed it as smuggler, privateer, or piratical adventurer.

Paul's apprenticeship was cut short by the failure of his merchant-master, who rewarded him for his good conduct by canceling his indentures. But such had been the lad's progress in seamanship that, though not yet out of his teens, he at once obtained the position of third mate on board the slave-ship *King George*. A year or so later found him chief mate of another slave-ship. Three years of service in the horrible slave-trade filled him with such disgust that he threw up his position while in the port of Jamaica, in the West Indies, and took passage home in the brigantine *John*. During the voyage both the captain and mate of this vessel died of fever. Paul took the command, and guided her to her port in safety. His reward for this service was the command of the vessel on her next voyage.

While on his second voyage in command of this brig, he met with the first serious misfortune of his life. His carpenter, Mungo Maxwell, was mutinous. Captain Jones ordered him to be

flogged, and, when he reached port, discharged him. The man joined another ship, took the fever, and died. Envious tongues whispered that his death was the result of his flogging, and thereby stained the young captain's reputation with the charge of cruelty. The calumny stung his sensitive soul deeply, and, for a time, lowered him greatly in the estimation of his friends.

Paul continued in command of merchant-vessels in the West India trade until 1773. At this period, his brother William dying intestate in Virginia, he went thither to look after his estate. While there he concluded to abandon the sea and devote himself to an agricultural life. After spending two years in this peaceful pursuit, the war-cries of the Revolution awoke him from his dreams of a quiet life, stirred his adventurous spirit to its lowest depths, led him to espouse the patriotic cause with chivalric ardor, and to tender his services to the navy of his adopted country. Congress accepted his offer, gave him a first lieutenant's commission, and appointed him to the frigate *Alfred*, the flag-ship of the fleet which was

being fitted out in the Delaware. On this ship he is said to have had the honor of hoisting the American flag for the first time with his own hands.

Before entering the navy, Paul changed his name from John Paul to John Paul Jones. For making this change he never assigned any reason. Perhaps he did it to escape recognition as a British subject, should he chance to be captured during the war. Be this as it may, he became known in his twenty-ninth year as Lieutenant Jones of the American navy. To this height he had climbed by his own almost unaided force of character. There was little resemblance to the rough gardener's son, or to the coarse, untutored cabin-boy, in the agile, graceful, slender lieutenant who trod the quarter-deck of the *Alfred* with the thoughtful countenance and determined air of a man meditating deeds which should help the cause of liberty and cover his own name with the blaze of naval glory. The difference was great. Work, study, devotion to his chosen profession, were the instruments which had made the grand transformation.

Paul Jones was no sooner afloat than he began to display the highest qualities of a naval officer. He gave inspiration to the commander of a squadron which captured one of the Bahama Islands. When placed in command of the sloop *Providence*, he made numerous prizes, and by adroit and daring maneuvers escaped being captured by the British ships of vastly superior force which fell in with him. He soon made it evident to the country that, for dash, daring, fruitfulness in resources, and skill in naval warfare, he had no equal in the service. Had Congress acted with the highest wisdom, it would have placed him at the head of its little navy. Instead of doing so, it put the favorites of colonial politicians over his head, denied him that seniority of rank which was his right, vexed him with promises of command it never fulfilled, and put his patriotism to such bitter tests as proved it to be genuine metal.

At length, after many vexatious delays, Jones was placed in command of the *Ranger*, in June, 1777. At the same time our present national flag

was adopted, and by a singular coincidence the honor of hoisting the stars and stripes for the first time fell to Captain Jones, who, as you recollect, had first unfurled the original flag, emblazoned with a pine-tree and a serpent coiled beneath its branches. And it also fell to his lot, while in command of the *Ranger*, to claim and to receive from the French fleet the first salute ever fired by a foreign power to the flag of the United States.

Jones sailed to France in the *Ranger*, which he soon made a terror to British merchant-ships passing through the English Channel, and to the inhabitants on its northerly coasts. We have only space to record one or two examples of his daring deeds.

While cruising off the coast of Ireland, he learned that the *Drake*, a British sloop mounting twenty guns, was lying at anchor in Belfast Bay. He made the bold resolve to attempt her capture. His plan was to run into the harbor at night, lay the *Ranger* across her bows, so as to cover her decks with musketry, while his men boarded her. Accordingly, when it was dark, he concealed his

lights, cleared his decks for action, prepared his grapnels, and armed his boarders with pistols and cutlasses. Favored by darkness, guided by a captured fishermen, and helped by a fresh breeze, he stood into the harbor, rounded to under the *Drake's* bow, and gave command to drop anchor. Unfortunately, the anchor hung for a minute or two, and when the *Ranger* brought up she was nearly half a cable's length from the bow of the sloop.

What was to be done? Clearly nothing, unless he could get clear, sail out of the bay, return, and renew the daring attempt. Fortunately for Jones, the watch on the *Drake* mistook the *Ranger* for a merchantman, and gave no alarm. Hence he was able to cut his cable and get under way. But, unfortunately for his scheme, the wind suddenly freshened into so sharp a gale that it was with great difficulty he got out of the bay. By that time the sea ran so high that he was glad to seek and find shelter under the coast of Scotland.

His next scheme, though creditable to his enterprise, was eminently discreditable to his heart.

It was an endeavor to burn a large fleet of perhaps two hundred and fifty merchantmen lying in the port of Whitehaven. Light winds hindered him from getting near the town until midnight. Then an ebb tide caused the two boats which he led on this errand of arson to move so slowly that it was daybreak before their crews reached the wharves.

Nothing daunted by this mishap, Jones ordered his lieutenant to fire the ships on the north side of the pier, while he proceeded to capture two batteries, mounting thirty pieces of artillery, which commanded the port. Scaling the breastworks of the nearest battery, he captured the soldiers, who were sleeping cozily in the guard-house, and spiked the guns. He then rushed to the other battery, a quarter of a mile distant, and repeated his first success. Returning to the pier, he was vexed to find that his lieutenant had not fired the ships, alleging that "his light had gone out, and that nothing could be gained by burning poor people's property." The party left from his own boat's crew to fire the ships on the south of the

pier had been equally neglectful of their task. Angry at being thwarted, he set fire to one large ship, and then, seeing the inhabitants gathering in large numbers, he reluctantly ordered the return of his boats. But for his caution in spiking the battery guns, he would have been blown out of the water. As it was, he reached the *Ranger* in safety, while the people, recovering from their fright, busied themselves in preventing the fire from spreading beyond the burning ship.

The motive of Jones in this adventure was to retaliate on the English for the raids and burnings of their naval commanders in America. No doubt he prided himself also at being able to beard the lion in its den. But since one wrong does not justify another, and since it is simple barbarism in war to destroy the property of non-combatants, we think this descent upon Whitehaven, though it was well planned and dashingly executed, is a black spot upon the character of its gallant leader. The only really good thing about it was its failure to achieve its object.

The next feat of the restless Paul was to land

a boat's crew on the Scottish coast, near the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. His intention was to carry off that nobleman, with a view of using him as an exchange for some important American prisoner. The Earl was saved from captivity by being absent from home; but Jones permitted his men to carry off the family plate. This was an act of brigandage; but Jones subsequently wiped this spot from his reputation by purchasing the plate from his crew and returning it, with apologies, to Lady Selkirk. Nevertheless, the landing made Jones's name a terror along the coast of Scotland.

Our hero did a grander deed when, a day or two later, he fought the *Drake*, which was seeking to capture the *Ranger*. The two vessels sighted each other off the port of Carrickfergus, toward the close of an April afternoon. The British ship was working out of the harbor with a light wind when the *Ranger* appeared in the channel. Her movement being slow, the *Drake* sent a boat to learn her character. Jones kept her stern toward the boat, so as to conceal her armament, and permit the officer to get on board, where he found himself a

prisoner. The *Ranger* then ran toward the *Drake*, hauled up her courses, and waited for her foe to get into the mid-channel. Presently the Englishman got near enough to hail, and inquire what ship it was. Jones told his sailing-master to reply:

"The American Continental ship *Ranger*. We are waiting for you. Come on!"

The action was commenced by Jones, who ran his ship across the bows of his opponent, and poured a broadside along her decks. The *Drake* gallantly returned the dreadful compliment, as quickly as she gained a like position. Both vessels then came to close quarters, running side by side, fighting with equal courage for upwards of an hour. Then a musket-ball pierced the skull of the British commander. His first lieutenant also fell, mortally wounded, and the crew, seeing their ship was almost disabled, cried for quarter. The proud flag of old England was lowered before the stars and stripes, and the *Drake* became the prize of the resolute Paul Jones, who, after hastily refitting both vessels, proudly carried her into Brest.

This was a brilliant action. The *Drake* carried two more guns than the *Ranger*, and a crew twice as large. She was also better equipped in every respect. The capture covered Paul Jones with the glory which crowns the heads of successful brave men. The French praised him, Franklin honored him with his friendship, and the patriots in America spoke of him with enthusiasm.

But notwithstanding the halo of his exploits, Jones, like many other naval and military heroes, found his career blocked by a multitude of difficulties. There was discord among his crew with respect to prize-money, envy in the breasts of some of his officers, negligence or inabillty on the part of Congress to supply him with funds, and differences of opinion among our naval authorities concerning his future employment. These, with other causes, kept him idle several months, during which time he was like an impatient steed chafing under the bit.

At length his reputation and persistence conquered. He obtained the command of a French ship, which he named the *Poor Richard.* She

carried forty guns, and sailed under the American flag. But she was old, half rotten, and most wretchedly equipped in every respect. Moreover, her crew was made up of men of many nationalities, and almost wholly lacking in that *esprit de corps* which is generally considered indispensable to marked success in war, either on land or sea.

But Jones, whose confidence in his own good fortune was boundless, was willing to risk his life and reputation upon her quarter-deck. Being made commodore over a small squadron, consisting of seven sail, including two privateers, he put to sea on the 14th of August, 1779.

After threatening a descent on Leith, which failed only because of violent weather, he finally fell in with a fleet of British merchantmen, convoyed by two men-of-war, off Flamborough Head. He then had with him the *Richard*, the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, and the *Vengeance*. Had all the commanders of these ships shared his courage and spirit, he would have won an easy victory over his antagonists, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*. But the captain of the *Alliance* was

a cowardly traitor, and, as we shall see, actually helped the enemy, while the *Vengeance* took no part in the action. The *Pallas*, however, gallantly engaged and captured the *Scarborough*, while Jones, in his miserable flag-ship, fought the *Serapis* with a desperate courage scarcely paralleled in the history of naval warfare.

It was four o'clock on a lovely September afternoon when the combatants sighted each other. The wind being light, it was half-past seven before the *Richard* and the *Serapis* came near enough together to commence fighting. A full harvest moon, however, gave light enough for the combatants to engage, and to make the deadly strife visible to the thousands of spectators who crowded the neighboring shores and headlands.

When the *Serapis* was near enough to hail the *Richard*, Captain Pearson, her commander, shouted:

"What ship is that?"

"I can't hear what you say," was the *Richard's* response.

"What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall fire into you," rejoined Pearson.

The *Richard's* answer was a single shot, followed by a broadside, which was instantly replied to by a broadside from the *Serapis*.

The *Richard's* fire was more disastrous to her own crew than to the enemy. Three guns on her lower deck burst, causing an awful carnage in the gun-room.

"Close the lower-deck ports, and abandon that battery," was Jones's order, coolly given, when he was informed of this ill-omened disaster.

The ships then passed each other; the *Richard* crossed the bows of the *Serapis;* the latter luffed, and came up across the quarter of the former. Several broadsides were exchanged. Both captains maneuvered to secure a raking position, when the *Richard* ran so close to the larboard quarter of her foe that neither ship could use her great guns. Jones then ordered his men to board. They made the attempt, but were driven back with loss. Seeing their recoil, Captain Pearson shouted:

"Has your ship struck?"

"I have not yet begun to fight," was the

prompt, characteristic reply of the imperturbable Jones.

The ships parted, but soon came up side by side again, and exchanged broadsides. Seeing that his ship and crew were suffering severely from the enemy's superior weight of metal, Jones maneuvered to bring her across her enemy's bows. Then the *Richard* fell foul of the *Serapis*, and the two vessels lay side by side so closely that the muzzles of their guns touched each other.

"Pass up a hawser, and lash the ships together," shouted Jones to the master of his vessel.

While his men were hastening to obey this order, Jones with his own hands helped to make fast the jib-stay of the *Serapis* to the mizzen-mast of his own ship. At the same moment the anchor of the *Serapis* hooked the quarter of the *Richard*. The ships were thus effectually grappled to one another.

Again the fearful fight went on at such close quarters that the ramrods entered the port-holes of the opposite ship as the men used them in loading the guns. Every shot from either side

swept the open deck or sunk into the timbers of her opponent. The effects were fearful, and when the men on one ship fired, those on the other were driven from their guns. Pikes and pistols were also brought into requisition, though without any combined attempt at boarding during this stage of the action.

An hour and a half of fighting had passed. The *Richard* was leaking badly. Many of her guns had been silenced, many of her crew killed and wounded. It seemed as if her destiny was sealed. Her chances of success were soon after greatly diminished by the dastardly, treacherous conduct of her consort, the *Alliance*. Actuated, as is supposed, by a desire to sink the *Richard*, that he might himself capture the *Serapis*, her contemptible commander bore down upon her and delivered several raking fires upon her quarter. Such unnatural treachery was sufficient to justify a surrender to the enemy; but Jones fought on undismayed. He could go down with his flag. Lower it to an enemy was a deed he could not do.

At last every gun but three was silenced on

board the *Richard*, while the whole lower-deck battery of the *Serapis* was still belching forth fire and death. Jones then took personal direction of his last three guns. One of them he loaded with double shot, and fired it steadily at the enemy's main-mast; the others, loaded with grape and canister, swept her deck. He stationed marksmen on his tops, who, after driving the crew from the tops of the *Serapis*, wrought fearful havoc among the officers and men upon her decks. He also ordered hand-grenades to be thrown into her, and thus set her on fire in many places, and kept many of her men busy extinguishing the flames. One of these grenades finally fell upon the main deck of the *Serapis* and exploded several cartridges, killing twenty men, and disabling a larger number.

The *Richard* now appeared to be sinking. Her gunner, terrified at the thought of going down alive, ran to haul down her ensign. Finding its staff had been shot away, he shouted:

"Quarter! for ——'s sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking."

Hearing this shriek of despair, Jones threw a pistol at the terror-stricken man, fracturing his skull, and sending him headlong down the hatchway.

Captain Pearson also heard the gunner's cry, and shouted to Jones, from the deck of the *Serapis:*

"Do you call for quarter?"

"No!" responded Jones, in tones so determined as to leave no room for doubt as to his purpose not to surrender.

Pearson then ordered his boarders to cross into the *Richard.* They made the attempt, but were met so resolutely by a party of pikemen led by Jones that they recoiled.

Another mishap now occurred to Paul Jones. His master's mate, thinking that the *Richard* must speedily sink, set free about one hundred prisoners of war which had been captured during her cruise. One of these, passing on board the *Serapis,* reported that the *Richard* must very soon strike or sink. Encouraged by this information, Pearson vigorously renewed the battle. But the

undaunted Jones fought on, ordering the freed prisoners to the pumps and using his three quarter-deck guns with such terrible energy and fearful precision that at half-past ten o'clock the *Serapis* hauled down her flag!

So destructive had been the fire of the conquered ship that the victorious *Richard* was literally a wreck when the enemy yielded. Jones did his utmost to carry her into port. But she was too much damaged to be saved, and, within thirty-six hours after her last battle, she went down, bows first. "Her shattered shell afforded an honorable receptacle for the remains of the Americans who had fallen during the action."

No braver or more resolute combat had ever been fought on the ocean than this. The victory was won by the naval skill, the indomitable courage, the unyielding spirit of Paul Jones. It gave his name an unquestionable right to a high place among naval heroes. It made him the hero of the hour in Europe and in America.

But Jones found the pinnacle of fame any thing but a couch of roses. Owing to the orders

under which he sailed, and to the mutinous, envious spirit of the Captain of the *Alliance*, he was compelled to carry his prizes to the Texel. There he was blockaded by a British fleet and harassed by the Dutch authorities for three months. Finally, having shifted his flag to the *Alliance*, he ran out of port, baffled the English cruisers, and made his way to L'Orient, where he landed in poor health and in much vexation of spirit.

After many delays in France, Jones sailed for America in the *Ariel*. On this voyage he met and fought a British ship of war, supposed to be a privateer. This ship struck her flag to him, but managed to get before the wind and to escape while he was preparing to board her.

Our hero received many honors for his prowess. The King of France presented him with a sword and made him a knight of the Order of Military Merit. Congress, on his arrival home, passed resolutions commendatory of his exploits. Washington wrote him a highly complimentary letter. His rank was also restored to him by his appointment to the command of a ship of the

line which was then in course of construction. These were among his pleasant things. Nevertheless, his impatient soul was constantly fretted by delays which prevented him from getting into actual sea service until peace came; and then his path to naval glory was effectually blocked up.

Still restless and longing for the fray he obtained permission to sail, as a volunteer, in a French fleet bound to the West Indies. On the voyage his skill and demeanor won applause, but the glad tidings of a general peace cut him off from the opportunity of displaying his qualities in the hour of battle. He returned to America in ill health. On his recovery he was sent to France to secure payment of certain prize-money due to him and his crews, a mission which he finally accomplished, but only after many tedious delays. His next service was under the Russian flag against the Turks. He held a commission from the Empress of Russia as Rear-Admiral. He fought with his usual daring, but his success was limited, owing to the interference and jealousy of Russian officers. His resentment of this med-

dling, imprudently expressed, led to his recall. He had then reached the end of that path to naval glory which was his heart's idol.

The short remainder of his brief life was spent in planning expeditions which were never executed, in seeking naval employment which he never found, in receiving attentions from the courts of Denmark and France, in settling-prize money questions, and in correspondence. He died in Paris July 18, 1792. Having made his will about eight o'clock that evening, his friends left him seated in his arm-chair, the victim of a fatal dropsy and liver complaint. Shortly after, he was found by his physician lying dead with his face on the bed and his feet on the floor.

Paul Jones certainly won a proud pre-eminence in his chosen profession. The laurel of a world-wide reputation wreathed his ambitious brow. Starting in life a poor, self-dependent cabin boy, he died a captain in the American navy, a Russian rear-admiral, and a knight of the French Order of Merit. He had been praised by kings, queens, and patriots. Our Congress had honored

him by special resolutions and by ordering a gold medal to commemorate his exploits. These were splendid victories over untoward circumstances which no youth can look upon but with admiration. Nevertheless, when viewed with respect to its true ends, the life of Paul Jones was a failure, in that it did not bring him the crown of spiritual development and moral self-mastery.

Paul's biographers compel us to the conviction that earthly ambition was his chief aim in life. Human praise for daring deeds of war was the glory he sought. It was his ruling passion. For the approval of his Maker and Judge he cared nothing. His life centered in himself, not in God. Hence he lived selfishly, impurely, luxuriously, querulously, restlessly, discontentedly, and, as a consequence, unhappily. He had genius, courage, perseverance, but very little affection. He was not wholly without sympathy, but that unselfish love which wins the love of others he did not possess. Even his sailors, who, as a class, generally idolize their heroes, did not love him, but were ever ready to mutiny against him.

Nor did they confide very strongly in his integrity. Therefore it came to pass that, with all the brilliancy of his reputation, Paul Jones failed to win either that sweetest of earthly pleasures, the self-devoted love of his associates, or that still higher, nobler joy, the fellowship of his Maker and the consolation of the Divine Comforter. Of what real value, then, was the perishing laurel, the short-lived glory, the unsatisfactory honor which he won? He was never vanquished in the field of mortal strife, but in the moral arena he was overcome by selfishness, pride, ambition, lust, greed of gold, and passion. He won the corruptible crown of human fame, but that incorruptible "crown which fadeth not away" he did not seek, and therefore did not win. While therefore his career may stimulate the reader to do his best in his chosen profession, his moral failure gives a fearful pertinence to the divine inquiry, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

II.

AARON BURR,

The Unprincipled Lawyer and Politician.

NEARLY sixty years ago the celebrated Henry Clay was a casual visitor at the United States Court-room, in the city of New York. The distinguished orator became at once the cynosure of every eye. The judges invited him to a seat on the bench. He modestly declined the honor, and sat down with the lawyers, within the bar. Among these was a small old gentleman, with dark, penetrating eyes, bushy gray hair, and very courteous manners. This man went up to the great statesman with outstretched hands. For a moment Mr. Clay looked askance at the courtly lawyer, and then,

suddenly recollecting him, refused to accept his proffered hand. Nothing abashed, the old lawyer proceeded to open a conversation, but, eliciting only cold replies from Mr. Clay, finally expressed a desire for an hour's private interview. "I stop at ——," replied the statesman, stiffly. The lawyer, it hardly needs be added, made no call on the Kentucky orator.

Henry Clay was not the only man who cut this old gentleman. There were few men of standing in New York who would recognize him, even on the street. It was his habit to glance under his eyelids at his acquaintances as they approached him, to ascertain whether they intended to speak to him or not. If their manner indicated an intention to cut him, as was the case generally, he would refuse them the opportunity by looking another way. So great was the load of infamy which rested on this old man's shoulders that, although he ranked in ability among the foremost members of the New York bar, and had once been Vice-President, and almost President, of the United States, very few persons

dared associate with him, or were willing to accord him social recognition. He was an ostracized man.

His name was AARON BURR. His infamy had grown out of two facts. He had slain Alexander Hamilton in a duel; and he had meditated, planned, and taken measures to execute, a treasonable scheme for dividing these United States. His hand was stained with blood. His heart was black with the dye of treason. Most men regarded him as an unprincipled, dangerous man, and avoided him as they would a leper. His great obloquy was the reeking exudation of his own character and conduct.

To sketch the career of this splendid sinner especially to point out the causes which counteracted the good influences which surrounded his early life and made him a bad man, is the object of this sketch.

Aaron Burr inherited good blood. He came of better than coroneted ancestors. His father was a distinguished preacher and teacher, the founder and first President of Princeton College, N. J.

His mother was the third daughter of the great and good Jonathan Edwards. Her name was Esther. She met Dr. Burr at Stockbridge, Connecticut, where her celebrated father preached to the Indians, after being driven by the clamors of his people from his pulpit in Northampton. For three days the courtly Doctor watched her nimble, graceful fingers as they traced the beautiful figures she drew on fans intended for sale in Boston, to eke out a stinted support. But her mature mind and beautiful character charmed him still more than the elegant work wrought by her fingers. The attraction was mutual. It must have been strong too; for, during those three days, they became engaged. Two weeks later, under the protection of a student sent to Stockbridge by the good Doctor, Esther, accompanied by her mother, journeyed to Newark, New Jersey, where she was married, June 29, 1752. This brief patriarchal courtship and marriage, unlike most hasty matches, resulted very happily. Its fruit was a daughter, named Sarah, and Aaron, the subject of this sketch, who was born February 6, 1756.

It was young Aaron's misfortune to lose both father and mother when he was not yet three years old. His grand-parents died soon after, so that he was an orphan indeed at a very early age. The magnitude of this loss, and its influence on his subsequent character and destiny, can not, of course, be estimated. Had one or both of his parents been spared to train him, he might have been a better man, and have escaped the obloquy which rests upon his name. At thirteen months, his mother described him in her diary as "noisy, sly, mischievous, very resolute," and "not so good tempered" as his sister. Here we have the germs of that sensitiveness, cunning, and strength of self-will which characterized him in after years. Even parental training, which, though mighty, is far from omnipotent, might have failed to eradicate or rightly direct these dangerous qualities.

Little Aaron and his sister were brought up in the home of their maternal uncle, Timothy Edwards, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Though orphans, they were not poor. They were heirs to a very considerable estate left by Dr. Burr.

They were very strictly trained, and so carefully educated that Aaron was prepared to enter college at eleven. He actually did enter the Sophomore Class at Princeton when he was thirteen, and graduated with distinction at sixteen. He was certainly a very precocious lad, of more than ordinary intellectual powers.

Up to the time of his graduation it does not appear that his life was disfigured by any low vices. That he was uncommonly strong-willed is shown by the fact that, twice during his childhood, he ran away from his uncle's hearth-side, but was speedily followed and taken back. During his first year in college, finding afternoon study to be more difficult than morning application, it occurred to him that eating too much was the cause. With great resolution, he "became very abstemious," and thereby acquired power to study sixteen and eighteen hours a day. But when he found himself able to keep up with his classmates without making such extravagant exertions, he became less a student and more of an idler among books. Yet he continued his abstem-

ious habits, and, though he indulged freely in such amusements as the then secluded village of Princeton afforded, there is no proof that he was distinguished above other irreligious students for evil doings.

During the last year of his college life, he did a deed which had a powerful influence over his character and future career. A revival of great intensity brought the great body of the students face to face with the question of their personal salvation. It was a day of sweet and merciful visitation. Many of the students heard and obeyed the call of the Spirit; but young Burr refused to listen. His relationship, as grandson of that great revivalist and eminent Christian, Jonathan Edwards, and as the son of the devoted founder of the College, caused him to be regarded by professors and students with especial interest. They prayed for him, pleaded with him, did, in short, all that Christian love could suggest. Nor were their efforts wholly without effect. Burr's heart was moved. His conscience was disturbed. Up to this time he had never ques-

tioned the truths which had been so precious to his mother, who had consecrated him to Christ in his infancy; so earnestly preached by his father and grandfather, and so constantly taught him by his uncle and his tutors. He clearly comprehended his duty. But when his friends pressed him to decide for Christ, his corrupt heart rebelled. His taste ruled his heart, and fixed his attention upon the excitement and the unusual methods incident to a revival, until he recoiled from them with that disgust which awakened sinners always affect toward the means which disturb their consciences.

While his mind was swaying to and fro between his convictions and his offended taste, he, unfortunately for himself, consulted Dr. Witherspoon, President of the College. That good but mistaken man, who did not sympathize with revivals, condemned the prevailing excitement as fanatical. That false judgment, thrown into the scale on the side of young Burr's corrupt heart, was ruinously decisive. By strengthening his prejudices, it paralyzed his convictions, and enabled

him henceforth to despise the call of the Spirit. Alas, that a learned clergyman should have given a judgment so fatal to such a youth as young Burr! Had he urged the young man to give himself to Christ, the name of Aaron Burr might have been written with the great luminaries of the Christian faith, instead of standing, as it does, on the roll of notorious sinners and traitors. The Doctor wrought great evil in an immortal soul when he gave that unhappy opinion. Yet who dare say that Aaron Burr, despite the counsel he courted, had not grace and light sufficient to guide him to a better choice?

The depth of young Burr's religious convictions is shown by the fact that, although he spent some months after his graduation in literary idleness, in flirting with young ladies, in boating, and other amusements, he could not succeed in quieting his conscience. The arrow of truth had sunk deep into his soul. Unfortunately, he had by this time become acquainted with the deistical opinions then so prevalent and popular in Europe. These ideas, and a secret desire to rid himself of

his uneasy feelings, led him to question the truth of the theology in which he had been educated. To satisfy himself respecting it, he entered the home of Dr. Bellamy, a devoted friend of his late father and a celebrated teacher of theology, in Connecticut. With that good man he spent six months, diligently reading and earnestly disputing on theological questions.

Unhappily, Dr. Bellamy was a rigid Calvinist. The rugged features of that hard, unscriptural theology increased young Burr's repugnance to experimental religion. The Doctor utterly failed to make it appear reasonable to his pupil's logical mind. In rejecting it, Burr, unfortunately, also cast away the Gospel, which it so sadly misrepresents. This was a natural result for one in his state of feeling. It is pretty evident that he was more anxious to rid himself of his convictions, by impeaching the theories out of which they sprang, than to find out the actual truth. When, therefore, he saw the truth clothed in the "horrible" garb of Calvinism, instead of discriminating between it and its human dress, he recoiled from it

altogether. Had he entered upon its pursuit in the spirit of a little child, the result would probably have been vastly different.

Burr's rejection of the Gospel appears to have been decisive and final. He "came to the conclusion that the road to heaven was open to all alike," and there he rested, obstinately refusing, to the day of his death, to reconsider his deliberate purpose not to receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He would not be a Christian, but a man self-molded into a gentleman, after the pattern of Chesterfield, and other worldlings of his time. There is no evidence that his religious convictions ever troubled him after this fatal choice. Having deliberately chosen "the way that seemed right" to his evil heart, he was suffered to walk in it to the bitter, bitter end, undisturbed by the Holy Spirit of God, which he had so daringly grieved.

After quitting the home of Dr. Bellamy, young Burr began the study of law with his brother-in-law, Judge Reeve, at Litchfield, Connecticut. While thus employed, the report of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill stirred his youthful

blood, and led him to throw aside his law-books, and to offer his services as a gentleman volunteer in Washington's army at Cambridge. Eager for active and dangerous enterprises, he soon after joined Arnold's famous expedition to Quebec, and, though a mere stripling in form, he endured the hardships of its perilous march as well as the hardiest backwoodsman of the party. Disguised as a Catholic priest, he passed through the forests of Canada to Montreal, and opened communications between the forces of Arnold and Montgomery. As aid to the latter, he fought with chivalric bravery in the unfortunate assault on Quebec. After the death of Montgomery, disliking Arnold, he left Canada, became aid, first to Washington, and then to Putnam at New York. He took honorable part in the battle of Long Island. Appointed lieutenant-colonel of a New Jersey regiment, he did service at the battle of Monmouth, at Valley Forge, and in guarding the Westchester lines. After four years, ill health, caused by exposure and over-exertion, compelled him to quit the army, in which he had won such

a splendid reputation for high soldierly qualities as to make it quite probable, that, had he been favored by circumstances, he would have proved himself equal, at least, to the best generals of the Revolution.

To illustrate the spirit of our young soldier, we select one incident of his military career. During the memorable Winter of suffering spent by our army at Valley Forge, Burr was placed in command of the militia, at a pass called the Gulf, by which the British menaced the patriot quarters. Before he took command, false alarms, owing to bad discipline, had been frequent and annoying. By his vigorous attention to discipline and drill, things soon wore a different aspect. But some of the soldiers, long accustomed to camp idleness, and freedom from military restraint, became restive and even mutinous. At length, several of these bad fellows resolved to shoot Burr at an evening parade. His watchfulness detected the plot, and he contrived to secure the unloading of their muskets. Armed with a sharp saber, he walked along the line, keenly

watching every movement of the men. Presently a soldier stepped from the ranks, leveled his musket at Burr, and cried: "Now is your time, my boys!"

The words had scarcely left the fellow's lips, before Burr's saber flashed in the moonbeams, and cut the mutineer's arm nearly off above the elbow. At the same time Burr, with the utmost calmness, said: "Take your place in the line, sir!"

The astonished mutineer obeyed, and, after the parade ended, was taken to the surgeon, who completed the amputation of his arm. The mutiny was quelled, rigid discipline established, and no more false alarms were given while Burr remained in command.

Such resolution, quickness, self-possession, bravery, and unscrupulousness as he here displayed, when combined, as they were in him, with incessant activity, military instinct, sagacity, and foresight, make their possessors successful generals.

But though nature apparently intended this

man to be a great soldier, his circumstances and tastes guided him to the bar. After quitting the army, with health and fortune impaired, the latter by thoughtless bountifulness to his men and to his friends, he resumed the study of the law, and in 1782 was admitted to the bar in Albany. He was married very shortly after to an accomplished widow, Mrs. Theodosia Prevost.

His success at the bar in Albany was immediate and decided. When the British army evacuated New York, in the Autumn of 1783, he removed to that city, where he took his place at once beside Hamilton as one of the leaders of the bar, and where, for the next twenty years, he enjoyed a very lucrative practice. It is said that he never lost a case which he conducted in person. But, notwithstanding his marked success, he never ranked with lofty-toned lawyers of the very highest class. The *practice*, not the *principles*, of law was his forte. To win his cause by any allowable means, and whether it were right or wrong, was his great object. His cynical definition of law—"law is whatever is boldly asserted

and plausibly maintained"—found full exemplification in his practice. His weapons were, unequaled tact, self-possession which nothing could disturb, a courtly manner, the known or suspected weaknesses of judge and jurymen, clear, plausible statement, quiet sarcasm, vigorous assault on the weak points in the opposing counsel's argument, and, not unfrequently, some telling ruse. To these weapons he always added such a thorough understanding of every point in his case, as made it impossible to take him by surprise. Thus qualified and armed, he was without a peer as a mere practitioner at the bar.

An illustration of his ability to enact a scene for effect is given by Mr. Parton, one of his recent biographers. He was defending a man charged with murder. The testimony led him to think that the real criminal was the chief witness against the accused. After Hamilton, who was leading counsel in the case, had made his plea for the prisoner, the court adjourned, with the intention of hearing Mr. Burr's concluding plea in the evening. In the interval, Burr instructed

some one to provide an extra number of candles, and so to arrange them that their light should fall strongly upon a pillar against which the suspected witness had leaned throughout the trial. The court reassembled, the witness took his old place, and Burr proceeded to show that the testimony bore, not against the prisoner, but against the witness. When near the close of his argument, he seized two candlesticks, held them up so that the light threw a strong glare upon the face of the witness, and exclaimed: "Behold the murderer, gentlemen!"

Every eye turned toward the witness, whose face, always singularly ugly, and wearing a *down*, guilty look, now appeared ghostly white. The horror-struck wretch shrunk back behind the pillar and left the room. The prisoner was acquitted. A *ruse* accomplished what argument might have failed to do.

Burr's devotion of his brilliant talents to the bar brought him much money and social distinction. The former he spent with princely but unwise prodigality. For several years his domestic

life appears to have been quite charming, and his mansion at Richmond Hill was the resort of many distinguished persons, both foreigners and citizens. His talents and skill in intrigue very early attracted the attention of political men. He was elected to the Legislature of New York in 1784. Five years after, he was appointed Attorney-General of the State by Governor Clinton. In 1791 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1801 he became Vice-President.

This was marvelous success, and seems more like the wonders of a fairy tale than veritable fact. It must be attributed partly to favoring circumstances, but chiefly to his inimitable but unscrupulous tact in political management. It was, no doubt, his leadership which overthrew the old Federalists, and led the liberal, or Republican, party to its first victory.

But the leaves of his political laurels exuded poisons which speedily produced his political death. His too brilliant success not only made him the butt of the burning arrows shot at him without pity by the defeated Federalists, but also

of the more dangerous shafts of envious jealousy thrown at him by the leaders of the party which owed its ascendency to his leadership. Moreover, the unscrupulous political methods, the secretiveness, the wondrous foresight, the unsurpassed executive abilities, of Burr, and his great personal power over men, had made many of his own party suspicious of him. His character had forced upon them the conviction that he was an ambitious man, without principles,

"A serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;"

and, therefore, a dangerous man, not to be trusted too far. Among the great leaders who doubted his patriotism were Jefferson, then President, the Clintons, the Livingstons, and other men powerful in the political circles of that day. Their opposition so divided the Republican party, with respect to Burr, as to deprive him of all hope of gaining its united support as Vice-President for a second term. Seeing his way to further distinction in National politics thus blocked by the leaders of his own party, he became a candidate,

in 1804, for Governor of New York. But his popularity had now seriously waned, and he was badly defeated.

Burr's defeat in the political arena was followed by a tragic event which threw a baleful shadow upon his future. During the contest a letter, written by a Dr. Cooper, in which General Hamilton was quoted as having spoken in strong terms against Mr. Burr, was published in the newspapers. This letter was shown to Burr six weeks after the election. It stung him to the quick. He knew that, for many years, Hamilton had been pursuing him in the most vindictive spirit. He now resolved to call him to account for his vituperation. He demanded an explanation of the grounds of Dr. Cooper's allegations. Hamilton declined to make it. Burr, unrestrained by religious obligations, challenged him. Hamilton, though conscious that duelling was an unchristian practice, lacked the moral courage to refuse the challenge. He agreed to fight his rival at Weehawken.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 11th of

July, 1804, these two men, with their seconds, stood face to face on a ledge of rock about twenty feet above the shore of the Hudson.

Their pistols were loaded in their presence. They were placed ten paces apart. The seconds withdrew.

"Are you ready?" asked one of them.

The combatants both replied:

"Yes."

"Fire!" cried the second.

Burr raised his pistol, aimed, and fired. The next moment Hamilton sprang upon his toes, reeled, discharged his pistol—involuntarily, his friends asserted; designedly, Burr's friends insisted—and then fell forward upon his face. He was mortally wounded.

Burr and his seconds left the horrible spot at once. Hamilton was borne to his barge by his friends, and died the next afternoon.

The agitation of the public mind was tremendous, and it soon concentrated itself into a fearful burst of indignation against Burr. A coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against him, and,

for a time, he was compelled to become a fugitive from the popular indignation. But, although the stain of blood was upon his hands, the torpor of his conscience was so deadly that he seemed unconscious of guilt. He journeyed South, where a duelist was honorably regarded, and was treated with all the respect which a Vice-President had reason to expect, or a distinguished man could desire.

On reaching Washington, toward the end of the year, to preside over the Senate during the last session of his term of office, he ridiculed the projects which had been set afoot for getting possession of his person, that he might be tried for murder in New York. He knew that there was no probability that he would be convicted, in that dueling age, if tried. He ought to have known that, in every age, the man who kills his neighbor in a duel is held to be a murderer in the court of heaven, and that, without repentance, he can have no place in the kingdom of God.

The state of popular feeling, and his insolvent condition pecuniarily, rendering it impossible for

Burr to return to New York after the close of his term of office, he traveled South. Honors, banquets, and hospitality met him every-where.

Then his restless, ambitious brain conceived a project for the conquest of Mexico, in case of war with Spain, which, just then, seemed imminent. As a step in this direction, he bought a large tract of land on the Washita River, and proceeded to organize a band of men on Blennerhassett's Island, in the Ohio, to settle upon it. These men were to become the nucleus of the army which was to place him on the throne of the Montezumas. His enemies charged that he intended, after conquering Mexico, to annex the Southern States to it, and form a grand empire. This he and his friends denied. His highest aim, he said, was the crown of Mexico. But he was arrested, tried for treason at Richmond, and, as no overt act of levying war could be proved, was acquitted. Nevertheless, the suspicion that he intended treason remained, whether justly or unjustly is uncertain, and he became a man to be suspected and avoided. His "vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself."

His fortune broken and his hopes blasted at home, Burr, in 1808, became a self-exiled man. After four years of adventurous wandering in Europe, he returned to America in 1812. His old reputation as a lawyer enabled him to recover a profitable practice at the New York bar; but socially he remained an ostracized man to the day of his death, in 1836. A few friends adhered to him, but most men avoided him. His first wife had long been dead. His only daughter, Theodosia, had perished at sea. His only grandchild was also dead. From Madame Jumel, his second wife, he was legally separated. Alone, almost unfriended by man, and alienated from God by his unbelief, his impurity of life, and his pride, this old man tottered beneath his accumulated burdens, until he was fourscore years of age, when he died, lamented by few, and filled an unhonored grave.

Few men have been more highly endowed by nature than was Aaron Burr. He had an imperial mind. His executive ability was of the highest order. He was born to sway the wills

of men, as his brilliant success in the army, in society, at the bar, and in political life, abundantly proves. Why, then, was his life such a fearful failure? Without doubt, it was because he was a man without deep convictions. He had no high principles of action. When he deliberately rejected the Gospel as his rule of life, he set his own personal success before his mind as the great end of his earthly existence. To win, no matter how, was his aim. Hence, in studying law, he refused to give himself to the investigation of the *principles* of law, seeking only to master its *practice*. At the bar, he never hesitated to resort to ruse or stratagem, if it promised success. In political life, he avowed no clearly defined principles, and overthrew his opponents by measures so adroit and cunning that they made even his supporters question his patriotism and trustworthiness. In social life, though never a drunkard, he sacrificed the chastity of women on the foul altar of his passions. He spent money lavishly, and indulged his natural kindliness, by giving money away, which, of right, belonged to his creditors.

His challenge to Hamilton was the offspring of an anger not entirely unjust in itself, but uncontrolled by conscience. He appears, indeed, to have been as utterly destitute of moral feeling as he was of principles. Hence it was that, although his eminent talents won brilliant success for a time, he failed to command the confidence of society, and was vanquished by that supreme selfishness which was the ruling element in his character. Alas, that this child of a spiritual ancestry should have cast away the principles which crowned his forefathers with honor! Had he embraced, instead of rejecting, the Gospel, it would have given him just what he lacked; namely, *principles*. And they, grasped by a will so firm as his, would have governed his passions, regulated his conduct, given him the confidence of his fellow-men, the blessing of God, and a name of which his countrymen would have been justly proud. But he chose to lead an ungodly life, and lived to illustrate the divine proverb, which says, "An ungodly man diggeth up evil."

III.

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

The Marbelous Boy-Poet.

UPWARD of a century ago a manufacturer of earthenware, while in the house of a poor widow at Bristol, England, was so pleased with her children that he promised them a present of some of his wares. Turning to a sprightly, gray-eyed boy of five, he asked:

"What shall I have painted on your piece, Master Tommy?"

Fixing his sparkling eyes on the man of Delft-ware and china, the boy replied:

"Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world."

This reply, if it be not apocryphal, was very

extraordinary for a child. Still, it is not improbable. It is related of a boy who was, in truth, one of the most marvelous boys that ever lived, THOMAS CHATTERTON. Let us glance at what is known of his sad history.

This wonderful boy was the son of a Bristol schoolmaster. He was born in November, 1752, and, owing to the death of his father a month or two previous to his birth, was destined to a life of respectable penury. When he was five years old, the teacher who had succeeded his father in the mastership of the Pyle Street school, kindly undertook his instruction. But so wayward or stupid did he appear that he was soon sent home "as a dull boy incapable of improvement."

Mrs. Chatterton was made very unhappy by this verdict against the capacity of her much-loved boy. She was cheered, however, shortly after by witnessing the enthusiasm of her singular child over the illuminated letters of an old musical manuscript which fell into his hands. Under this inspiration young Thomas soon learned the alphabet, and then his mother had but little

trouble teaching him to read from the pages of a copy of Holy Scripture, printed in black-lettered antique type. How much influence the type of this, his first reading book, may have had upon his subsequent love for the study of antiquities is an interesting question not easily answered.

When he was eight years old we find young Chatterton the inmate of a Bristol charity school. Here he was boarded, lodged, kept drudging at lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, nine hours a day in Summer, and seven in Winter. Every night in the year he and his companions are forced to be in bed at eight o'clock. Their only respite from this confinement is on the afternoons of Saturdays and Saints' days, when they are permitted to visit their homes. Surely this was a dull life and a poor school for the development of such a genius as our unhappy young hero unquestionably possessed.

At this school his teachers did not even suspect him of being a boy of uncommon ability. In the play-ground, when disposed to join them in their games, he was the leader of his playmates; but in

the school-room he did not appear either to care or strive for pre-eminence. When ten years old he began to display a taste for reading, and his manners became retiring, grave, pensive, and even melancholy at times. He had few intimates. The little money his good mother gave him he spent in hiring books from the circulating library. Not novels, but books of history and divinity, engaged his attention while he was as yet but eleven years old. Before he was twelve he began to write verses which, being mostly of a satirical character, he concealed from his teachers. They were, however, in thought and execution, far in advance of his age. Viewed in connection with his lack of literary education, some of them were truly precocious and astonishing.

Toward the latter part of his stay at this charity school he made rapid progress in arithmetic, acquired some knowledge of music, and a taste for drawing. Moreover, from the time that he began to write poetry, his disposition improved. He became more cheerful, no doubt, because he had unconsciously discovered the bent of his

genius. Its gratification afforded him pleasures previously untasted.

When fifteen years old he was apprenticed for seven years to one Lambert, a scrivener, in Bristol. His home was now in the house of his master. His days were spent in an office copying law precedents and other writings. He had considerable spare time, which he spent in the study of history, heraldry, and antiquities, obtaining the necessary books from the circulating libraries. His rapid progress in these unassisted studies was as remarkable as the other parts of his most extraordinary career.

Up to his sixteenth year young Chatterton, though not a religious youth, had lived a moral, upright life. He had performed all the duties of his apprenticeship with exemplary fidelity. He had kept himself free from bad associations and evil habits of life. He had won a high reputation for truthfulness among his friends, and was much beloved by his mother and sister, to both of whom he was strongly attached. His only marked fault was his sullenness toward the

servants, with whom he took his meals in his master's kitchen. He despised them for their ignorance, coarseness, and lack of taste, and did not strive to conceal the scorn he felt.

But when sixteen he "began a series of literary impositions unparalleled in the history of letters." His entrance upon this part of his careeer was in October, 1768, when a new bridge was opened in Bristol. He then startled antiquaries and readers generally by publishing a memoir of uncommon ability, describing the opening of the old bridge by the ancient friars first passing over it with appropriate ceremonies, great pomp, and joyous music. This paper—he told the editor who printed it—was copied from an ancient manuscript which his father had found, with others of like character, in an old chest kept in a muniment room over the chapel of St. Mary Radcliffe. To others he told a different story, but denying his authorship to all who questioned him.

This paper was succeeded by many others, historical, theological, and poetical. These were

all compositions of sufficient skill to excite the curiosity, if not the admiration, of literary men; but the poems were of rare merit. He pretended that they were written by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century, and copied by himself from the ancient manuscripts found in the muniment room of Radcliffe chapel. They contained passages of great lyrical beauty. Some of them were pastoral eclogues, which good judges pronounced equal to the best pastorals of ancient or modern times.

These papers, together with others of which he avowed himself the author, secured him the acquaintance and friendship of several gentlemen of means and culture. Their favor and his ambition to win distinction in the world of letters, begot in his aspiring soul a strong distaste for the duties of a scrivener's apprentice. He longed to break the legal fetters which bound him to his master. To this end he sent several manuscripts purporting to be copies from the old parchments found in the muniment chamber to the Hon. Horace Walpole, soliciting his patronage and aid

in securing some position which would afford him means and opportunities of enjoying leisure for literary pursuits. Walpole submitted the papers to some critical friends who pronounced them forgeries. Walpole, while accepting their judgment, saw so much merit in the poetry sent him that, notwithstanding the attempted imposition, he wrote kindly to Chatterton, advising him to adhere to his profession until its profits should enable him to find leisure for literary work. The young poet was irritated by this good advice, and subsequently bitterly satirized his adviser in one of his productions.

To this foolish dislike of an honorable profession our boy-poet, when only seventeen, added the greater folly of rejecting the Christian religion, in which he had been educated. "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity," he wrote to a friend. "I request them not, for I am no Christian." Foolish boy! He mistook the aversion of his proud heart from the restraining truths of Holy Writ for the conclusions of an intelligent judgment. He cast away the sustaining power

of religion at the perilous period in which his imperious passions were about to launch him into stormy circumstances, with which he was ill prepared to contend. Who can wonder that he was overpowered and lost!

We now see this gifted young man, proudly leaning on his own strength, openly rejecting the grace of the blessed Gospel. How does he endure the strain of his life-trials? Alas! poor boy, he yields under the first pressure. He sought pecuniary help from a literary gentleman and was refused. Almost immediately he wrote a paper which he entitled his "last will and testament," in which he intimated his purpose to take his own life. This paper accidentally fell into the hands of his employer. That gentleman, learning that he had mentioned this mad purpose to the servants, dismissed him at once. He would not risk the possibility of such a catastrophe occurring in his household.

Whether this proud, imperious boy was serious in uttering this wicked threat, or whether he made it in hopes of the dismissal which it secured him,

can not be determined. Certain it is that he accepted his liberty with enthusiastic joy, and hasted away from Bristol to London, dreaming gilded dreams of literary celebrity and wealth.

At first he seemed likely to realize his dreams. His reputation as a precocious writer had preceded him. The London publishers received him cordially, accepted his articles for their magazines, and paid him liberally. He wrote songs, ballads, satires, political essays, and addresses to civic and other dignitaries. He began to make his way into literary society. He frequented the theaters, dressed fashionably, and wrote jubilantly of his prospects to his mother and sister. "Occasional essays for the daily papers," he wrote, "would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! . . . My company is courted everywhere; and, could I humble myself to go into a counting-room, I could have had twenty places before now. But I must be among the great. State matters suit me better than commercial."

Thus wrote this brilliant but ill-fated youth in July, 1770, some two months after his arrival in

London. But, for reasons never fully explained, his sun suddenly suffered an almost total eclipse. Possibly this was because of the growing belief that his alleged poems, by Rowley, were forgeries, and that he was an impostor in that he was palming his own productions upon the public under false pretenses. Whatever the cause, he lost the patronage of the booksellers, sunk rapidly to the verge of starvation, and, on the 25th of August, 1770, his own rash hand hurried his guilty soul, unbidden, to the bar of the Eternal One. His dishonored body was carried, in a shell, to an almshouse burial ground, and laid, with scant ceremony, in a pauper's grave.

The key to Chatterton's character is to be found in his boyish request to have an angel painted on his china, trumpeting his name over the world. Ambition was his ruling passion. Not ambition regulated by regard for right, but a wayward, unprincipled ambition, which fixed its eye on a renowned name without regard for the rightfulness of the means employed to win it. His plan, if indeed this enigmatical lad had any

well defined plan, seems to have been to win distinction for his productions as writings of the olden time, and then to claim the honor of their authorship. Had he merely used the name of Thomas Rowley as a pseudonym, there could have been no moral objection to the concealment of his authorship. But his *denial* of it involved lying, deceit, forgery, and false pretenses; it put him into the position of an impostor, and threw a cloud of suspicion over his character, which repelled the confidence of friends and left him to become the victim of an evil destiny.

The preposterous folly of this scheme is such, that one is perplexed to understand the mental process which led young Chatterton to adopt it. Conscious as he was of his own great ability, he could scarcely help seeing that he could not fail of public recognition if he pursued a straightforward, honorable course. Perhaps he fancied that the crooked route to distinction was the shortest. If so, he made a terrible mistake. The path of right is always straight. Crooked ways always lead to a maze of difficulty and ruin.

Had Chatterton curbed his impatient soul by placing it under the control of Christian truth and listening to the dictates of common sense, he would have won lasting renown both as a poet and a man. He was wondrously gifted in mind and body. His person was prepossessing, his bearing manly and dignified beyond his years and above his position. His gray eyes were strikingly brilliant, and, when he was excited, they sparkled with unwonted fires. One of them, as was the case with Byron, was more fiery than the other.

To this proud outward bearing was joined a mind of rare power. He acquired knowledge with unexcelled rapidity. His genius was almost universal. In this respect he has been ranked "above Dryden," and "only second to Shakespeare." Byron praised him. Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats acknowledge his great ability. Wordsworth spoke of him as "the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," and fame has inscribed his name among the brightest of the sons of genius.

With such endowments, what needed he but patient persistence in the path of duty to win the honor he craved? Clearly that and nothing more. A faithful adherence to his religious principles, a resolute fidelity to the duties of his profession, a determined curbing of his impatient passion for distinction, and a natural, honest use of his opportunities for the display of his talents, would have won the fame he courted, preserved the uprightness of his character, saved him from the unpardonable crime of self-destruction, and crowned him with laurels on earth and glory in heaven. Alas! that so fair a youth should have been his own destroyer; that, in combating the obstacles in his path to distinction, he should have been overthrown and trodden down by the foolish devices and desires of his own heart. Let the young reader beware of seeking profit or distinction by walking in crooked ways, which are all Paths of the destroyer.

IV.

BENEDICT ARNOLD,

The Traitor of our Revolution.

IN the old Colonial times there was a boy in the beautiful village of Norwich, Connecticut, who was an object of both admiration and fear to the village children. In daring feats he had no equal. He could climb the tallest trees, fight the hardest battles, and perform the most audacious deeds, with a success which many envied, but could not equal. There was a big overshot wheel at the nearest grist-mill, upon which this reckless lad would mount, cling to its arms, descend beneath the water, and rise up again on the opposite side. This and kindred deeds which he used to perform won admiration

from his companions, and led them to look upon him as a sort of boy-hero. But their admiration was mingled with fear. Their hero had a malicious, cruel temper. He was in the habit of robbing birds' nests, not in the thoughtless spirit of most boys, or to gain the longest string of eggs, but that he might smash the eggs, and fiercely tear unfledged birds limb from limb. He would scatter broken glass near the school-house, that barefoot children might go home with bleeding feet. He would place cracked phials, which were his perquisites at the druggist's store where he was an apprentice, outside the shop, where passing boys might readily suppose they were thrown away as useless. When some poor wights picked them up, this boy would rush from concealment, whip in hand, shout "Thief!" at the frightened little fellows, and send them home smarting and crying with pain caused by the blows he inflicted. These and similar tricks made him the terror of the town. Nevertheless, as stated above, there was such an unwonted courage in some of his acts as to invest him with a

halo that softened the terror caused by his ferocity. Like some wild animals, he fascinated those whom he frightened.

This unlovely boy was BENEDICT ARNOLD, who lived to cover his name with the luster of military glory, and then to tarnish it with the dye of deliberate and infamous treason. To a very uncommon degree he illustrated the seemingly impossible proverb, that "the boy is father of the man." Let us look a little more closely into his youthful history.

Young Arnold came of honorable ancestors. One of them was the second President of the Colony of Rhode Island, and was held in very high respect. But the Arnold blood became tainted in Benedict's father, who settled in Norwich in 1730. Here he prospered for a time, traded to the West Indies, became a wealthy merchant, and married a highly esteemed Christian lady. But with all his gain he failed to win that most precious social pearl—a good name. Lacking integrity of character, his life became corrupt. He wasted his fortune by indulgence

in vice, sank into indigence, and died an object of universal contempt.

Benedict was the second son of this unhappy man, and was born at Norwich, January 3, 1740. His father, not having fallen as yet, gave him a good common-school education. His eminently pious mother did her utmost to train him in the principles of the Christian religion. When he was about fourteen, his father's sinking fortunes compelled his removal from school, and he was shortly after apprenticed to the Messrs. Lathrop, relatives of his mother, and prosperous druggists in Norwich.

His home was now in the family of Dr. Lathrop, where he had all the advantages of cultivated Christian society. The Doctor did his best to make him a good business man and to persuade him to cultivate his heart and brain. But he despised instruction, and gave himself to the indulgence of his evil impulses with an obstinacy which would not be overcome. The illustrative incidents cited above show that his impulses were exceptionally bad. By yielding to

them, instead of striving to overcome them, as he was taught to do, he became a notoriously bad boy.

Like most self-willed, reckless lads, young Benedict was restless. A quiet business life did not suit his uneasy temper. He longed for change and excitement. When, therefore, the bustle of preparation for war with the French in Canada arrested his attention, he chafed under the restraints of his position like a young war-horse against the bit of its rider. Regardless of his obligations to a loving mother and his kind-hearted masters, this boy of sixteen stole secretly away, and enlisted in the troop about to start from Hartford for Lake George. His mother, trembling for his safety, appealed to her friends, and through them procured his discharge. Benedict then resumed his duties in the druggist's shop. Here his sense of gratitude and duty should have kept him. But, again preferring self-will to duty, he ran away a second time, and, being left to himself by his despairing friends, succeeded in reaching the camp at Lake George.

He was now a soldier; but, being placed on guard duty, the chains of discipline and the monotony of life in the barrack-room soon disgusted his fiery spirit, which longed for movement and adventure. Regardless, as usual, of every thing but his own wishes, he deserted, and found his way back to Norwich, where his generous masters again received him, and where he remained until he reached the years of manhood.

By this time his Christian mother, crushed beneath the burden of a drunken husband and a wayward son, had sunk into an untimely grave. But his old masters, partly for his mother's sake, and partly because they hoped that his unquestionable energy of character, if directed into legitimate business channels, might yet bring him honor and success in life, set him up in business as an apothecary in New Haven. For a time it seemed that this hope would become reality. Benedict's activity brought success. His business enlarged. He became a thriving merchant, then a prosperous navigator, commanding his own vessels in a profitable West India trade. He married

a respectable lady, who, fortunately for her own peace, died before his military career began. By her he had three sons. Every thing conspired to favor his prosperity and help him to an honorable career, except the unconquered impulses of his own bad heart. As these had spoiled the beauty of his boyhood, so again did they soil the purity of his young manhood. Being untamed, they grew with his growth. Prosperity nursed them into lion-like strength. They made him a furiously passionate, quarrelsome, reckless, and dishonest man. He became a bankrupt not in purse only, but also in reputation. People doubted his integrity.

Nevertheless, such was his energy that he started in business once more, and appears to have again met with some pecuniary success. But it was won by means of smuggling, hazardous enterprises, and violations of mercantile honor. It did not bring him the respect of society. To most he was still an object of suspicion. While they admired his great force of character, his incessant activity, and his manifold resources,

his neighbors dared not place reliance upon his honor.

Such, in brief, was Benedict Arnold's life for the thirty-five years prior to his entrance upon the stirring stage of military life. He had started with fair advantages, such as a moderate education, a good Christian mother, kind religious masters, a thorough knowledge of a respectable, profitable business, superior business abilities, exhaustless energy of character, an indomitable will, and a nature which knew no fear. His disadvantages were, the evil influence of a drunken, dishonored father, a fiery temper, a restless soul, a selfish, cruel disposition, and, as we judge, a dull, sluggish conscience. With such a nature, the battle between right and wrong was sure to be fierce and desperate. Where intense selfishness is joined to a feeble conscience, the soul finds it hard work to surrender itself to the claims of its Maker and Redeemer. But young Benedict well knew that he might have had ample help from Him who says to every seeker, "My grace is sufficient for thee," had he chosen to ask for it. But there is

no evidence that he ever tried to conquer himself. Had he done so, there can be no doubt that his indomitable will, aided by the grace of God, could have made him a mirror of all excellence, a Christian of the loftiest height. Instead of this, he very early gave himself up to the devices of his own heart. And this voluntary surrender of himself to the evil within him, rather than the evil itself, was what made him first an exceptionally bad boy, then a dishonorable business man, and finally, as we shall hereafter see, a traitor to his country.

In 1775, the heroic deeds of the brave yeomen of Lexington, Mass., thrilled every patriotic heart in the Colonies, and began the great war through which the American Colonists fought their way to independence. Among the thousands who sprang to arms under the inspiration of that startling event was Benedict Arnold. His well-known daring had just secured him an election as captain of a company of guards at New Haven. When the city bells summoned the excited populace to the green to discuss the news from Lex-

ington, Arnold addressed the crowd, and called for volunteers. Sixty men placed themselves under his command, and were ready to march the next morning. Finding the selectmen reluctant to furnish ammunition for his troop, Arnold, with characteristic audacity, threatened to break open the magazine. This threat brought the cautious guardians of the town to terms. They gave him the needed cartridges, and he led his men, by rapid marches, to the camp of the gathering hosts of freedom at Cambridge.

Before starting, Arnold had, in some way, gained an inkling of a plan, under secret discussion at Hartford, for surprising Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. Concealing this fact, Arnold cunningly proposed the enterprise to the Massachusetts authorities as an original idea, and offered to conduct it under their auspices. They accepted his proposal, gave him a colonel's commission, authority to enlist men for the expedition, ammunition, money, and permission to draw on them for supplies. Such was his eagerness to forestall the movement from Hartford, that he was on the

frontier of Massachusetts three days after receiving his commission. He was too late, however. The Connecticut men had already gone forward, joined some Green Mountain boys, elected Ethan Allen commander, and got all things in readiness for moving on the coveted fort. Arnold speedily overtook them, showed them his commission, and demanded the leadership of the expedition. This was peremptorily refused; but he was permitted to join it as a volunteer.

Ticonderoga was taken on the 10th of May. Arnold marched in, side by side with Ethan Allen, at the head of the troops. He thus shared the glory of the exploit he had been ambitious to direct.

Shortly after the capture of the fort some of the men enlisted under his orders reached him. He then separated from Allen, captured a fort at St. John's, organized a little navy on the lake, sent some of his captured guns and mortars to Cambridge, and prepared to resist a rumored attempt of the British to recover possession of their captured forts.

But, notwithstanding this successful activity, his arrogant manner and loose method of expending money awakened doubts of his integrity in the minds of the authorities in Massachusetts. They sent a committee of inquiry to Lake Champlain. He was incensed, not without reason, at the method pursued, protested, discharged his men, returned to Massachusetts, and settled his accounts. The affair had given him some military reputation, but his spirit and conduct had also caused a cloud of mistrust and suspicion to gather round his name.

Washington soon after resolved on sending an army through the eastern wilderness, by way of the Kennebec, to attack Quebec, in conjunction with a force that was to descend the St. Lawrence from Montreal. It was a dangerous enterprise, demanding just such daring, persistence, and courage as Washington believed Arnold to possess. For this reason he gave him a colonel's commission in the Continental army, and placed eleven hundred men under his command, with orders to proceed as quickly as possible.

Arnold fully justified his commander's confidence, and led this brave little force through obstacles which would have daunted most commanders. From a fort just above Augusta, to which they sailed, he guided them up swift streams, around rapids and cataracts, through swamps and over precipices, from the Kennebec to the Dead River; thence, by way of Lake Megantic, to the beautiful valley of the Chaudiere. The sufferings and toil endured by those brave men seem scarcely credible. But Arnold's indomitable spirit and fertility of resources supported them, and, after about six weeks of fearful marching, he mustered his brave little force at Point Levy, opposite the formidable fortifications of Quebec, to the utter astonishment of its defenders. The next morning he was on the plain of Abraham, in full view of the city walls. Here, in a spirit of gasconade more worthy of a Spanish than an American commander, he sent the garrison a demand for surrender, which very naturally excited much merriment among the enemy. Then, finding that much of his ammunition was

spoiled, and many of his handful of men unfit for service, he retired to a post eight leagues up the St. Lawrence, to await the arrival of General Montgomery, who was coming from Montreal.

In the ill-advised and unfortunate assault on Quebec, which followed the arrival of the brave Montgomery, Arnold's skill and courage were so conspicuous that the Continental Congress rewarded him with a brigadier-general's commission. After rendering further important services in Canada, he retreated with the rest of the army to Lake Champlain. The campaign had greatly increased his military reputation, but a bitter quarrel with a brother officer, and some questionable seizures of goods in Montreal, strengthened the doubts of his integrity which had arisen out of his previous conduct.

His next exploit was on Lake Champlain, where he acted as admiral of a little fleet, and fought a naval battle with a greatly superior force, with such skill and boldness that, although he was finally defeated, he won the approval of his military superiors and the applause of his

country. He was then ordered to Rhode Island, to resist the advance of the British beyond Newport, where they had landed. While at this point his pride was keenly hurt by the act of Congress creating five new major-generals, without including him in the list. Viewed from a military stand-point, this was unjust. Washington condemned it, but it was no doubt occasioned by the dissatisfaction of many patriots with his private character. Arnold was chagrined. He protested, and finally started for headquarters, to obtain permission to go to Philadelphia and lay his grievances before Congress.

On his way he fell in with some troops which were seeking a British force that had just burned the village of Danbury, in Connecticut. He joined them, and displayed his usual audacious bravery in leading some of them against the enemy. When outflanked at one time, and compelled to order a retreat, he remained behind all his men. A platoon of British soldiers fired at him from the top of a high rock, on his left flank. His horse fell dead, but Arnold still kept his sad-

dle. A soldier rushed down the rock with his bayonet fixed, intending to run him through the body. But no sooner was he within pistol-shot than Arnold drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. He then quitted his saddle and joined his retreating men unhurt.

His cool courage and splendid fighting on this occasion so added to his favor, that Congress made him a major-general, and voted him a horse and equipments, but would not give him the seniority he claimed as a matter of military right. For this reason he went to Philadelphia, where he demanded an investigation of his conduct. The Board of War inquired, and pronounced his character and conduct entirely satisfactory, and Congress approved their report; but, still lacking confidence in the man, the majority of Congress unjustly withheld from him the much-coveted seniority of rank.

Arnold now presented his accounts for settlement. They showed such an unaccountably heavy balance in his favor as to excite fresh suspicions. Congress lingered over its investigation,

and Arnold, disgusted and angry, tendered the resignation of his commission. Meanwhile, the approach of Burgoyne's army at the north led Washington to desire his services with the Northern army. Ever eager for active service, he consented to go. He speedily joined the army of the Hudson, under General Gates, with whom he quarreled so bitterly that Gates, piqued and jealous, deprived him of command. But in the battle of Behmus' Heights, he rode into the most sorely contested parts of the bloody field, fought like a madman wherever he appeared, led a brilliant assault on the enemy's works, and, in short, decided the fortune of that brilliant day by his extraordinary valor.

He was wounded in the leg during this action, and compelled to spend the following Winter inactively. But his spirit was soothed by the concession of the desired seniority by Congress, and by the cordial approval of Washington, who further testified his regard by the gift of a set of epaulets and a sword-knot. Alas that a man whose great military genius could win such tro-

phies should have made his heart a nest of violent tempers and base dispositions!

Arnold's wound having unfitted him for active service, Washington appointed him to the command of the city of Philadelphia, directly after the British retired from it in the Summer of 1778. Here he set up a grand establishment. He hired a magnificent mansion, filled it with costly furniture and numerous servants, rode out in a stately carriage drawn by four horses, gave luxurious dinners, and entertained distinguished guests in princely style. These displays of grandeur fascinated the imagination of a fashionable young lady named Shippen, and, notwithstanding she was an avowed Royalist, Arnold made her his wife. This was a singular choice for a republican soldier; but its singularity disappeared when his treason became apparent, a few months later.

His duties in Philadelphia were peculiar, and needed to be performed with much discreetness. But this was a virtue Arnold never possessed. On the contrary, he was harsh and unscrupulous. Moreover, his extravagant style of living soon

plunged him into a deep ditch of pecuniary embarrassments. To relieve himself, he engaged in questionable speculations, which, proving unfortunate, sunk him deeper in the mine of insolvency. As a consequence he not only lost the confidence of the Philadelphians, but became so obnoxious to them that he was mobbed in the streets by the populace. Complaints were made against him, many of which were no doubt unjust; but a court-martial found him guilty of one or two charges, and sentenced him to be reprimanded by General Washington. He was much soured by these proceedings, complained loudly of their injustice, boasted of his past services and patriotism, inveighed against the ingratitude of Congress, and proclaimed himself a martyr to partisan prejudice. Possibly he was so in some measure; but the fact, subsequently proved, that during months of his stay in Philadelphia he was in treasonable communication with the British commander, not only justified the suspicion with which many patriots regarded him, but made it certain that he was a most consummate and un-

principled hypocrite. It is surprising that he retained as he did the confidence of such patriots as Jay, Clinton, Schuyler, and Washington. But they, no doubt, were so strongly impressed by his evident greatness as a commander, that they permitted the halo with which his exploits had surrounded his name to eclipse the faults with which he was charged by men who he asserted were his enemies.

It was by an abuse of the confidence still reposed in him by those great men, that he prevailed on Washington to place him in command of West Point. There is no doubt that he secured this important post with the deliberate purpose of surrendering it to the British. As previously stated, he had been in communication with Clinton, their commanding general, under the assumed name of Gustavus, but had not received much encouragement, because he had nothing but himself to offer. But, now that he could give possession of a post which was of vital importance, Clinton listened with attention to his proposals.

At Arnold's request, the accomplished Major André was sent up the Hudson to arrange a plan for giving the English possession of West Point. Arnold met him in the night at a point six miles below Stony Point, conducted him within the American lines, gave him all necessary explanations concerning the approaches to West Point, determined the plan and time for making the attack, and named the conditions on which he would perform his part of the traitorous scheme. These things arranged, André started on horseback for the English lines.

Humanly speaking, there was every probability that the proud flag of England would soon float over the battlements of West Point, and the cause of American liberty be eminently periled, if not wholly lost. But that Providence which watches over the fate of nations so ordered it that the unfortunate André should choose a road which brought him to a spot in Tarrytown where four patriotic volunteers were watching for suspicious stragglers. They stopped him, and, finding some important papers, in Arnold's handwriting, hidden

within his stockings beneath his feet, arrested him as a spy. The papers were sent to General Washington. Notice of André's capture was sent to Arnold.

The latter step no doubt saved the traitor from a felon's fate. He received it five hours before the papers which demonstrated his treason reached the commander-in-chief. Washington was overwhelmed with astonishment. He had always been Arnold's friend, but these tell-tale papers were conclusive of his subordinate's villainy. He issued instant orders for pursuit; but the traitor, having full five hours' start, had passed the posts on the river in a well-manned boat, protected by a flag of truce, and had reached the deck of the *Vulture*, a British ship of war, in safety.

But poor André met with the doom of a spy. He was a noble young man, of pure character, highly accomplished, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. Could his life have been spared consistently with the safety of the army and the independence of the country, he would doubtless have been permitted to live. This being deemed

impossible, however, he was hanged at the head-quarters of our army, in Tappan, N. J. He submitted to his fate with manly dignity.

Arnold received a brevet brigadier-general's commission, and something over thirty thousand dollars in gold, as the reward of his treason. He subsequently ravaged portions of Virginia at the head of a British force. His last military exploit was the capture of Forts Griswold and Trumbull, and the burning of New London. At the close of the war he went, first, to England, then to New Brunswick and the West Indies for purposes of trade. Finally, he returned to England, where he died, in 1801, aged sixty-one years.

The scorn of the civilized world followed Benedict Arnold from the day of his flight from West Point to the end of his life. Even British officers and noblemen despised him, and English subjects in New Brunswick burned him in effigy. His name is still a by-word and a reproach. It will continue to be so as long as men regard honor, truth, and loyalty as virtues. "So long as the sun and the moon endureth," Benedict

Arnold's character will remain an object of universal detestation.

The opinion which high-minded Englishmen entertained of this bad man is illustrated in the following anecdotes:

Shortly after his arrival in England, the authorities of the realm, as a matter of policy, attempted to do him honor. When a petition was presented the King by Parliament, one day, Arnold was seen standing near the throne, as if enjoying high favor with His Majesty. On returning to the House, Lord Lauderdale expressed a very general feeling when he rose and said:

"However gracious may be the language I have heard from the throne, my indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding His Majesty supported by a traitor."

At another time Lord Surrey, rising to speak, saw Arnold in the gallery of the House of Lords. Pointing to him, as he sat down, he exclaimed:

"I will not speak while that man is in the House!"

Of what value, think you, were Arnold's gains,

so long as they were accompanied by such scorn as this? What pleasure could he take, so long as he was forced to feel that men looked upon him as a creature to be despised? What peace could he enjoy, moving amid the splendors of a grand home, so long as he knew that even his coachman and other servants regarded him with contempt? How could he avoid being stung to the quick with shame and disgust of himself, whenever he reflected on the vile treason he had sought to accomplish against his country? No doubt his nature was hard and callous, his character low and sordid, his moral sense dull and narrow, and his excuses for his crime abundant. Nevertheless, he must have found it a bitter thing to drink waters from the cup of self-reproach, and to eat the bread of public scorn for more than twenty years. How incomparably happier would have been his lot had he been true to himself and to his country!

We beg the young reader to make careful note of the fact that Benedict, the reckless, cruel, self-willed, audacious *boy*, was father of Benedict, the

traitorous *man*. The vices of his boyhood were the germs of his manhood's crime. Had he followed the loving counsels of his mother, and the manly example of his master, Dr. Lathrop, he would have found power in the grace of God to transform his evil nature, and to nourish those virtues which would have prevented even the birth of treasonable thought. No doubt his natural impulses to evil were uncommonly strong. Yet they were not his destroyers, so much as his resolute refusal to use the means of restraining them. The grace he rejected was sufficient, had he cultivated it, to make him as good a man and as honorable a general as Washington. He would not accept it, and therefore his impulses made him a traitor—and a warning to all youth who reject the Gospel.

V.

ROBERT BURNS,

The Bard of Scotland.

IMAGINE a tall man, about twenty-six years old, walking the streets of Edinburgh, Scotland. His sinewy limbs, vigorous steps, and decided motions, indicate strength and activity. His swarthy face, his dark, dull eyes, his shrewd expression, his rustic dress, suggest that he is neither a gentleman nor a genius, but a well-to-do Lowland farmer.

As we follow this seemingly insignificant man, we find he is on his way to the most aristocratic quarter of Edinburgh. To our surprise, he pauses at the door-step of the Duchess of Gordon, "the loveliest as well as the wittiest of women." The

door opens. He passes into the grand hall, and is presently ushered, with much deference, into the elegant drawing-room, which is crowded with the *élite* of the Scottish nobility, lovely women and distinguished literary characters. The mention of his name excites general attention. Every eye is turned toward him. The lady of the mansion receives him with distinguishing grace and cordiality. She engages him in conversation, which is listened to with marked satisfaction by the bevy of beauties and the group of gentlemen who have gathered around this unassuming visitor. He is evidently the lion of the evening.

Let us note the bearing of this man under circumstances so unsuited to his aspect. Is he eclipsed by their brilliancy? Is he struck dumb by the learning, culture, and eloquence of the distinguished scholars who surround him? Is he abashed in the presence of Scotland's most beautiful and fashionable daughters? Not at all. On the contrary, a change almost magical has passed over him, transformed him indeed. Instead of the dull look and uncourtly movement of the

rustic, he has the air, the ease, the grace, the elegant simplicity, of a gentleman. The sunshine of genius flashes upon his brow. There is "a smile of winning sweetness" upon his lips, and a glow of light in his large, dark eyes, which is "almost insufferable." This, with his conversation, to which we will now listen a moment, proclaims him to be the possessor of the passion which makes the poet.

The bard, for such he is, speaking with graceful deference, tells these proud ladies the stories on which his songs were founded. Speaking of one entitled "Highland Mary," he says that the name of his heroine was Mary Campbell. "She was fair, affectionate, and guileless as she was beautiful. The first time he saw her was during one of his musing walks in the woods of Montgomery Castle, and the first time he spoke to her was during the merriment of a harvest-supper. There were others there who admired her, but he addressed her, and had the luck to win her regard from them all. He soon saw she was the lass he had long sought, but never before found—

that her good looks were surpassed by her good sense; and her good sense was equaled by her modesty and discretion. He met her frequently; she saw by his looks that he was sincere; she put full trust in his love, and used to wander with him among the green hillocks and stream-banks till the sun went down and the moon rose, talking, dreaming of love and the golden days which awaited them. He was poor, and she had only her half-year's wages, for she was in the condition of a servant; but thoughts of gear never darkened their dreams. They resolved to wed, and exchanged vows of constancy and love. They plighted their vows on the Sabbath to render them more sacred; they made them by a rivulet, where they had courted, that open nature might be a witness; they made them over an open Bible, to show that they thought of God in this mutual act; and when they had done, they both took water in their hands, and scattered in the air, to intimate that as the stream was pure so were their intentions. They parted when they did this, but they parted never to meet more.

She died in a burning fever during a visit to her relations to prepare for her marriage; and all he had of her was a lock of her long bright hair and her Bible, which she had exchanged for his."

Such was the character of the romantic tales our poet told to the greedy ears of Scotland's most fashionable circles. In literary coteries, among wits, roisterers, and titled Jacobites, he also won applause for his rare social qualities, his ribald humor, or his avowed sympathy with the claims of the exiled Stuarts. Thus, during a whole Winter, this singular man was emphatically the lion of Edinburgh society.

No doubt my young reader has already recognized the Bard of Scotland, Robert Burns, in these pen pictures, which are only faithful outlines of that unfortunate man's reception in the Scotch capital during the Winter of 1786–7—the brightest, if not the happiest, and the most critical period in his brief career. It was then that his star suddenly rose from the depths of social obscurity, blazed with a wild, glittering brightness for a short time, but only to sink again

BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE.

behind black masses of clouds, from which it never emerged until death smote his harp-strings. Then it came forth clear and radiant, to shine henceforth among stars of the first magnitude in the intellectual firmament. To trace the course of the poet's sad life, from his birth to the time of his appearance in Edinburgh, shall now be our task.

Writing of his ancestors, Robert Burns playfully quoted the lines of Pope:

> "My ancient but ignoble blood
> Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

He meant by this that none of his ancestors had ever won distinction. They were poor men. His father was gardener on a small estate near Ayr, in Scotland, and was "a very poor man," albeit he was intelligent, honest, strictly religious, and every way superior to his lowly condition. His mud-walled, tottering cottage stood on the "banks of bonny Doon;" and here, on the 25th of January, 1759, Robert, his first-born, was ushered into the world.

Poor as he was, Robert's father did not neg-

lect his son's education, but instructed him personally in the elements of knowledge, and also in the sacred Scriptures. So effective was this latter instruction that it begat what Burns in later days foolishly called "an enthusiastic idiot piety." A faithful schoolmaster also contributed to his mental growth, so that Burns could say in his autobiography:

"I made an excellent English scholar, and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles."

His devout mother contributed no mean part to the unfolding of the young poet's mind. Her gentle words and loving spirit sweetened not a little the bitter waters of poverty which he was compelled to drink. Her familiarity with the old Scotch ballad poetry, which she constantly chanted, enabled her to furnish food for his imagination. He also, he says, "owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning

devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery." Scotland has always been famous for its tales and traditions of this character.

This "trumpery" had its value, in that it "cultivated the latent seeds of poetry" in the mind of this gifted boy, and aided somewhat in brightening the darkness of his early days. Nevertheless, according to his own confession, he was not an attractive boy. A sturdy stubbornness characterized him, and he was "by no means a favorite with any body."

When our nascent poet was about seven years old, a gleam of light fell upon his father's circumstances. Aided by his kind master he became the tenant of a farm in the neighborhood, named Mount Oliphant. Here for ten or twelve years he toiled laboriously in the vain hope of bettering his condition. But the death of his laird, bad seasons, a wet soil, and a cruel factor, finally drove him thence. A new farm at Lochlea, ten

miles distant, promised better things at first; but ill fortune seemed to haunt the poor man's footsteps; and, though he and his sons, now old enough to assist in the labors of the farm, endured the "gloom of hermits and the moil of galley-slaves," they could scarcely wring a comfortable subsistence from the unwilling soil.

Still this change, which lifted his father from the position of a servant to that of a tenant, brought many advantages to Master Robert. A better and more enthusiastic schoolmaster, access to more and better books, and companionship with lads of higher birth and superior condition, aided to increase his knowledge and to enlarge his ideas. Under these influences his studious mind grew fast. He drank knowledge from all accessible fountains. Books on history, divinity, philosophy, and poetry he devoured greedily; but Scottish stories and Scottish poesy were his chief delight. They fed his imagination and stirred his emotions, though it does not appear that they awakened him to a consciousness that he was the possessor of poetic gifts. His father, who

watched the progress of his mind with affectionate intensity, was wont to say:

"Whoever may live to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy."

The poverty and ill health of the father made it necessary that his children, of whom he had seven, should be put to the hard work of the farm at a very early age. Hence, when only thirteen, Robert was required to assist in thrashing the wheat. At fifteen he was the principal laborer on the farm. This premature putting on of the yoke of hard labor not only interfered with his mental progress, but it also injured his health and depressed his spirits. Its evil effects were increased by the lack of sufficient nourishing food. His originally robust frame yielded to this unnatural pressure. He began to stoop at the shoulders. A nervous disease, which affected the heart and produced an incurable hypochondria, seized him, filled him with discouragement, blighted his hopes, and left him, as he tells us, without spirit or energy to form a plan of life. Hence, when he was called by the death of his

father to assume the responsibility of an eldest son, he was like an overburdened vessel tossing unhelmed in the midst of a stormy sea.

Still it can not be denied that the heaviest trials of the young poet were the fruits of his own follies. It was, indeed, a hardship to be so poor and overworked, but with this heritage of toil he had the benefits of a better education than usually falls to the lot of boys in his condition; of a home which was consecrated to genuine, intelligent piety; and of careful parental training in the principles and practice of our holy religion. With all his toil, poverty, nervous depressions, and poetical excitability, had young Burns clung to his religious principles, he might have lived a happy life, and won that immortal crown which is infinitely more precious than the laurel with which the world crowned his brow.

But, unhappily for himself, Burns forsook the path of rectitude. As he approached the years of manhood, he developed rare social qualities. His conversational powers were remarkable, and their exercise afforded him pleasure. Unfortu-

nately, he was not careful in the choice of his companionships. Going to study mensuration and land surveying at Kirkoswald, he mingled with a band of smugglers who infested the coasts. "With them," he says, "I learned to fill my glass and to mix, without fear, in a drunken squabble." A year or two later he went to Irvine, to learn to dress flax. Here, writes his brother Gilbert, "he contracted some acquaintance of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him. During this period also he became a Freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion." Still worse was the influence of a "young fellow," named Richard Brown, who inspired him with enthusiastic friendship, and awakened him to a consciousness of his superior lyrical ability, but who also corrupted his virtue. "He spoke," says Burns, "of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief."

The bad results of these ill-chosen associations were speedily apparent. His good father had noted them with pain, and on his death-bed said to his daughter:

"There is one of the family for whose future conduct I fear."

Robert stepped to the good man's humble bedside, and asked:

"O father, is me you mean?"

"It is, my son," replied the dying father, with a tenderness which so touched his sensitive son that he turned toward the window with streaming eyes and swelling bosom. But these were not the signs of that penitence which forsakes transgression, but only of that remorse which trembles, weeps, yet sins again.

For a time, however, he abandoned his follies, and devoted himself to the cultivation of a farm, which he and his brother rented at Mossgiel.

But his thoughts were too much occupied with poetry to permit him to be a successful farmer. Moreover, the land on his farm was poor and wet. He bought poor seed the first year. The

season during the second year was cold. The crops ran short, his health gave way, he was jilted by a lassie who had promised to become his bride, and he says:

"I returned, like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to his wallowing in the mire."

He returned to his low associates. He "ranted and boosed with smugglers," says Allan Cunningham, "conversed with tinkers, huddled in a kiln, or listened to the riotous mirth of a batch of turbulent, wandering 'bodies,' as they emptied their powks and pawned their duds for liquor in Poosy Nansie's tavern." True, he was partly influenced by his desire to gain materials for his poems, which he was now beginning to throw off with wonderful facility. Nevertheless, in thus touching pitch, he did not escape defilement. His character deteriorated, his life became soiled.

One of his mother's maids fell a victim to his illicit love. Then, under a written promise of marriage, which he persuaded her was equivalent to a legal wedding, he led the dark-eyed Jean Armour, a farmer's daughter, astray. When the

unhappy girl's shame became known, her incensed father refused to let her become the lawful wife of the as yet unknown poet, who was really anxious to take her as such. Instead of accepting him for his son-in-law, the stern farmer required him to obtain security for the support of the twin children born to him by the guilty Jean.

Fearing the "terrors of a jail," Burns gave up his interest in the farm at Mossgiel, skulked "from covert to covert," and roamed, "moody and idle, about the land, with no better aim in life" than a situation as clerk on a plantation in the West Indies, offered him by a friend, and "a vague hope of distinction as a poet."

Our poet was now in the depths of that partial retribution which generally follows the transgression of social laws. He was tasting the bitter fruits of unscriptural self-indulgence, and was for a brief period on the verge of distraction. In the "Lament," written at this time, he calls himself "a wretch who inly pines," who mourned

> "In lamentation deep
> How life and love are all a dream."

Burns had an enlightened conscience. God's Word and his father's faithful teaching had wonderfully quickened his moral nature. Hence his sins were always followed by keen remorse. But, alas for his peace! his will was swayed by his passions, not regulated by the faithful monitor which rebuked him for his follies. Thus, as we shall further see hereafter, his passions dug his grave.

To comprehend the means by which Burns rose out of the depths into which he fell by his social sins, we must go back a few years to the event which led to his first attempts at poetry, inasmuch as it was the discovery of his poetic gifts by the public which raised him from the depths of his obscurity to sudden national distinction.

Imagine him, then, when about seventeen Summers old, a rustic lad, clothed in the rough, home-made garments of a Scottish peasant, busy reaping in his father's field at the Mount Oliphant farm. According to a then prevailing "custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of the harvest," he wrought

beside "a bewitching creature, . . . a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass." The tones of this attractive girl, who sang sweetly, made his heart thrill. His pulse beat furiously when he touched "her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles." In short, this "bonnie lass" was the inspiration which called his slumbering lyrical powers into life. In her honor he composed his first song.

The fountain being unsealed, the stream of poesy poured forth with constantly increasing abundance from his sensitive soul. Every rustic lass with whom he chanced to meet, if she possessed a fine figure, a graceful motion, or a pretty face, became to him a goddess at whose shrine he worshiped with poetic ardor. After a time higher themes than the imaginary charms of rustic maidens inspired his muse. The romantic scenery of his native rivers, the superstitions of his countrymen, the heroic deeds of the patriotic men who once peopled the hills and glens around him, and the quiet virtues of the Christian cotter, became the topics which he celebrated in imperishable

lyrics. But with these high-toned songs were others born of low passions and inspirations,—humorous drinking songs, sharp satires on Church controversies, and profane scoffings at religion. Yet, whatever his theme might be, his treatment of it illustrated his great lyrical powers, and delighted the few who chanced to hear them recited or sung. Among these were several gentlemen of wealth and culture, who encouraged the bard to present his effusions to the public in a volume.

When therefore Burns fled from the dogs of law, burdened with poverty and mortification, and intending to bury himself on a West India plantation, he adopted the counsel of his cultivated advisers, in the hope of obtaining money sufficient to pay his passage to Jamaica. Subscription papers were put in circulation, subscribers were readily obtained, six hundred copies printed at Kilmarnock, and sold almost immediately after publication, netting their abject author a clear profit of one hundred dollars!

He was now prepared to pay his passage-money to Jamaica, and his chest was on its way

to Greenock, where he intended to take ship. But learning that his poems had made his name famous, not only among milkmaids, peasants, and mechanics, but also among distinguished literary men, he recalled his trunk, resigned his Jamaica clerkship, and, full of hope, rode to Edinburgh on a little pony loaned him by a friend. There, aided by Dr. Blacklock, who had already "proclaimed him a poet of the first rank," by Mackenzie, by the Earl of Glencairn, and other notabilities, he found his way into literary and polished society. A subscription for a second edition of his poems was successfully started, he became the lion of the hour, and when he left Edinburgh the following Spring (1787), on a tour to the north of Scotland, he carried with him the proud consciousness that he was "admired by all who aspired to be thought tasteful and refined."

The bard was now twenty-seven years old. He was no longer a poor, obscure Ayrshire plowman, but the acknowledged chief of Scottish poets. Wherever he went on his tours, of which he made three, he was treated with the respect

due to his genius. But on his return to Edinburgh the succeeding Winter, he was mortified to find that the enthusiasm of his first reception had very generally died out. The doors of the grand saloons in which he had been courted, lionized, flattered, were now either closed against him, or opened only to admit him to a reception so cold and stately as to intimate that his presence was no longer desired. His quick sensibilities were severely wounded, and he sought relief in the society of such individuals as still gave him countenance, in trying to effect a final settlement with his bookseller, and in a more than questionable acquaintance and correspondence with a married lady, whose husband had forsaken her. This last friendship was regarded as platonic by the parties; but in reality, if not absolutely criminal, it was of such a nature as to deserve unqualified condemnation. No doubt the passionate irregularities of the poet, his associations during the previous Winter with gay Jacobite young men especially, contributed largely to this loss of social distinction. Great as he was, both as a poet and a

conversationalist, there was so much dross in his character, that he could not win that measure of respect which was necessary to secure him a permanent position in the upper walks of life.

Having effected a settlement with his publisher, and with about two thousand five hundred dollars in his purse—profits from the sale of his poems—Burns left Edinburgh, and resumed his former avocation on a farm which he leased at Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith. His changed circumstances made the friends of Jean Armour willing to consent to her marriage with the poet, and she finally became his bride, but under circumstances which reflect no credit on the virtue of either.

Burns gave the following characteristic account of his marriage and his motives, in a letter to his eccentric friend, Dr. Geddes:

"In that first concern, the conduct of the man, there was ever but one side on which I was habitually blamable, and there I have secured myself in a way pointed out by nature and by nature's God. I was sensible that to so helpless a creature as a poor poet, a wife and family were

encumbrances which a species of prudence would bid him shun; but where the alternative was, being at eternal warfare with myself, on account of habitual follies, to give them no worse name, which no general example, no licentious wit, no sophistical infidelity, would to me ever justify, I must have been a fool to have hesitated, and a madman to have made another choice. Besides, I had in my Jean a long and much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery upon my hands; and who could trifle with such a deposit?"

Strange confessions these, of weakness uncontrolled, of clear conceptions of right, clouded by dim ideas of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," and of guilt remorsefully recollected, yet not repented of with that repentance which is followed by self-conquest.

For a year or two the poor farmer seemed prosperous at Ellisland, but his restless mind, constantly excited by the passionate activity of his poetic genius, could not give that attention to details which is necessary to agricultural profit. Hence, after three years, he threw up his lease

and devoted himself to the humble but distasteful duties of an exciseman in the town of Dumfries. His income was small, but he was encouraged to hope for the office of supervisor, with a salary adequate to the maintenance of a comfortable social position—a hope that was disappointed, chiefly through the poet's indiscreet unreasoning zeal in condemning the Government for joining in the war which Europe was then waging against the revolutionists of France. Burns had such a lofty pride of opinion, and such a morbid, exaggerated feeling of personal independence, that he could scarcely discern the line which divides prudence from folly. Guided by these feelings he blundered into an attitude of hostility toward the authorities by whose grace he held his appointment, and was, therefore, left to struggle on in comparative poverty to the bitter end. They never gave him the coveted and comfortable supervisorship to which he aspired.

He had, however, a still worse enemy. His craving for mental excitement led him into the society of convivialists. His national reputation

caused numerous gentlemen passing through Dumfries to send him invitations to spend evenings with them at the village hotels. Others invited him to convivial gatherings in the neighborhood. The poor man was too weak-willed to decline either, and too easily tempted by sparkling wine, foaming beer, and Scotch whisky to drink with his entertainers without becoming intoxicated. The usual results of drunken habits followed,—a neglected family, distressed circumstances, ill health, mental wretchedness, death! On the 21st of July, 1796, when nearly thirty-seven years old, "he spread out his hands, sprang forward, nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face, and expired!"

The report of his death shocked all Scotland. Thousands flocked to his burial, and multitudes who had neglected the man now lavished tributes of praise upon the poet. The people who suffered Burns to end his days in poverty and sorrow joined as one man to pass his name down to posterity as the prince of Scotland's bards.

Poor Burns! The exquisite tenderness, the

touching sentiment, the lofty imagination, the brilliancy of expression, the vehement earnestness, the human sympathy, and the rare simplicity, which characterize his peerless lyrics, have won the heart of the world. His name will always stand high on the roll of poetic fame. One can scarcely extol the poet too highly. Would that the man were equally worthy of loving remembrance! His eulogists, investing him with the aureola of genius, would fain have mankind believe that he was; but the unquestioned vices which stained his life give the lie to such claims, and demonstrate that the songs which charm us were less the genuine expressions of his character than those which offend our Christian feelings. As we read such songs, for example, as his "Highland Mary," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "To Mary in Heaven," it seems impossible to doubt that Burns was the most sincere, the truest of lovers and a devout Christian. Yet when we learn that just before plighting a lover's faith "over the Bible" to his Highland Mary, he had been swearing eternal

fidelity to the betrayed Jean Armour and to one of his mother's too credulous maidens, we can not help doubting both his sincerity and his morality. And his "Cotter's Saturday Night" was composed too near to "The Jolly Beggars," a poem which, with all its wit and humor, reeks too much of unbridled lust and bacchanalian revelry to inspire us with a very strong faith in the poet's possession of the piety which seems to breathe in the former composition. Indeed, one feels it difficult to comprehend how the same man could have written both poems, their tone, spirit, and sentiments are so contradictory. As to the religion of the poet, it is more than sufficient to know that his most pious utterances are found in a series of raving love-letters, written by him to a married lady in Edinburgh!

Alas for our poet! His religious conceptions were darkened by antinomian notions opposed to the Gospel, his sense of moral obligation was overborne by irregular impulses, which carried him like a rushing tide into the filthy depths of impurity and intemperanee. That he was honest

in his business affairs, independent and manly toward his social superiors, kind to his dependents, and strong in his attachments to his literary friends, is cheerfully admitted. But these virtues were no atonement for the vices which tyrannized over him, and of which he never repented with that penitence which forsakes the sin. Had he, like his noble, suffering father, held fast to the truth, clung to the cross of Jesus with an overcoming faith, he would have won a double crown. But, being the slave of ignoble impulses, though a victor in the field of poesy, he was self-vanquished in the spiritual arena. He died with the poet's crown upon his haggard brow; but who that judges his unhappy life by the clear light of that Gospel which blesses none but the pure in heart, through faith, dares hope that he won the eternal crown?

VI.

STEPHEN GIRARD,

The Napoleon of Merchants.

IMAGINE the figure of an old man, low in stature, squarely built, clumsily dressed, and standing on large feet. To this uncouth form, add a repulsive face, wrinkled, cold, colorless, and stony, with one eye dull and the other blind—a "wall-eye." His expression is that of a man wrapped in the mystery of his own hidden thoughts. He looks

> "Like monumental bronze, unchanged his look—
> A soul which pity never touched or shook—
> Trained, from his lowly cradle to his bier,
> The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
> Unchanging, fearing but the charge of fear—
> A stoic of the mart, a man without a tear."

Such a man was STEPHEN GIRARD, one of the most distinguished merchants in the annals of commerce, and the founder of the celebrated Girard College in Philadelphia. Let us briefly trace his history and observe his character.

Girard was a Frenchman by birth, born in the environs of Bordeaux, in May, 1750, of obscure parents. His early instruction was very limited; and, being deformed by a wall-eye, he was an object of ridicule to the companions of his boyhood. This treatment, as is supposed by his biographer, soured his temper, made him shrink from society, and led him to live among his own thoughts rather than in mental communion with his fellows.

The precise cause of his leaving his native hearth-stone is unknown. The fact is certain that he did leave it, when only ten or twelve years old, and sailed, a poor cabin-boy, to the West Indies. This was his starting-point in life. Never had any boy a smaller capital on which to build his fortune. He went out from his unhappy home, ignorant, poor, unfriended, and unknown.

That from such a cheerless beginning he should rise to the rank of a merchant prince must be accounted one of the marvels of human history.

His first step was to gain the confidence of his superiors, not so much by affability and courtesy—for of these social virtues he was never possessed—as by steady good conduct, fidelity to his employers, temperance, and studied effort to do his humble duties well. Whatsoever his hands found to do he did with his might. As a consequence we find him, in a few years, in high favor with a Captain Randall, of New York, who always spoke of him as "my Stephen," and who promoted him from one position to another until he secured him the command of a small vessel, and sent him on trading voyages between the ports of New York and New Orleans. That the poor cabin-boy should rise, by his own merits, in some six or seven years, to be the commander of a vessel, was success such as few lads have ever won with such slender means and few helps as were within reach of young Girard.

When only nineteen, we find him in Philadel-

phia, driving a thrifty but quiet trade in a little shop in Water Street. Shortly after opening this store, his fancy was taken captive by a maiden of sixteen Summers, named Mary, but familiarly called Polly, Lum. She was a shipwright's daughter, a pretty brunette, who was in the habit of going to the neighboring pump, barefooted, "with her rich, glossy, black hair hanging in disheveled curls about her neck." Her modesty pleased him, her beauty charmed him, and, after a few months of rude courtship, he was married to her, in 1770.

His marriage, instead of carrying happiness into the home over which he installed his beautiful bride, only embittered two lives. It was a union of mere fancy on his side, and self-interest on hers, not of genuine affection. Their dispositions were not congenial. She was ignorant, vulgar, slovenly. He was arbitrary, harsh, rude, imperious, unyielding. How could their lives flow on evenly together? It was impossible. The result was misery to both, and, as we shall see hereafter, the once beautiful Polly Lum ended

her days in a mad-house — a sad illustration of the folly of premature, ill-assorted marriages.

Finding little at his fireside to move his heart, Girard gave his whole soul to business, now trading to San Domingo and New Orleans, and then in his store in Water Street. When the Revolutionary War began, it swept his commercial ventures from the ocean, but he, still bent on gain and indifferent as to the means of winning it, then opened a grocery, and engaged in bottling cider and claret. When the British army occupied Philadelphia he moved this bottling business to Mount Holly, in New Jersey, where he continued until the American flag again floated over Independence Hall.

But times were hard and money scarce, and for a while Girard added very little to his means. Yet his keen eye was sharply watching for golden opportunities, and his active mind busily thinking how to create or improve them. In 1780, circumstances made trade with New Orleans and St. Domingo very profitable. He promptly engaged in it, and in two years doubled his resources.

Peace being restored, Girard, full of faith in the future of his adopted country, leased a block of stores for ten years at a very low rent. The following year, while business still lay stunned by the blows it had received during the war, he obtained a stipulation from his landlord, giving him the right to renew his lease for a second ten years, if he chose to demand it, when the first one should expire. This was an act of judicious foresight. When, at the expiration of the first lease, he visited his landlord, that gentleman, on seeing him enter his counting-room, said:

"Well, Mr. Girard, you have made out so well by your bargain that I suppose you will hardly hold me to the renewal of the lease for ten years more."

"I have come," replied Girard, with a look of grim satisfaction, "to secure the ten years more. I shall not let you off."

Nor did he. And the great profits he derived from that fortunate lease greatly broadened the foundation of his subsequently colossal fortune.

As yet, however, his wealth was very moderate,

for in 1790, at the dissolution of a partnership he had formed with his brother who had come to America, his own share of the business amounted to only thirty thousand dollars. And yet, forty years later, he died leaving a fortune of ten millions.

It is sad, but may be profitable to know, that his happiness did not increase with his possessions. While his balance-sheets recorded increasing assets, his hearth-stone echoed louder and wilder echoes of discordant voices. He was jealous, arbitrary, and passionate; his unfortunate wife was resentful, fiery, and finally so furious that, in 1790, she was admitted as a maniac to an insane hospital, which she never left until she was carried to her grave, unwept and unregretted, twenty-five years after. Their only child had gone to an early grave. Girard's nature must have been strangely perverted if he counted, as he seems to have done, the pleasure of making money a compensation for the absence of true womanly love from his cheerless fireside. His heart, no doubt, was as unsentimental as the gold he loved to hoard.

The terrible retribution which about this time overtook the slave-holders of St. Domingo, when their slaves threw off their oppressive yoke, added considerably to his rising fortunes. He happened to have two vessels in that port when the tocsin of insurrection rang out its fearful notes. Frantic with apprehension, many planters rushed with their costliest treasure to these ships, left them in care of their officers, and went back for more. But the blood-stained hand of massacre prevented their return. They and their heirs perished by knife or bullet, and the unclaimed treasure was taken to Philadelphia, to swell the stream of Girard's wealth. He deemed this a lucky accident, no doubt; and smothered his sympathies for the sufferers in the satisfaction he felt over the addition of fifty thousand dollars to his growing estate. It stimulated, if it did not beget, the dream of his life, the passion which possessed his soul, which was to acquire wealth by which his *name* might be kept before the world forever. "My *deeds* must be my life. When I am dead my *actions* must speak for me," he said to an

acquaintance one day, and thus gave expression to his plan of life. There was nothing intrinsically noble in it. If the means he finally adopted bore a philanthropic stamp on their face, his motive was purely personal, and therefore low and selfish. What he toiled for was a name that would never die. He was shrewd enough to perceive that this end could be most surely gained by linking it with the philanthropic spirit of the Christianity which he detested. And hence arose his idea of founding Girard College.

Shortly after plucking the golden fruit which fell into his hands from the St. Domingo insurrection, Girard enlarged his business by building several splendid ships, and entering into the China and India trade. His operations in this line were managed with true mercantile genius, and contributed greatly to the enlargement of his fortune.

He made these ships the visible expressions of his thoughts on religion and philosophy by naming them, after his favorite authors, the *Montesquieu*, the *Helvetius*, the *Voltaire*, and the

Rousseau. He thus defiantly assured the world that he was not only a skeptic, but that he also gloried in that by no means creditable fact.

Girard's life was filled with enigmas. He really loved no living soul. He had no sympathies. He would not part with his money to save agent, servant, neighbor, or relation from death. Nevertheless, when the yellow fever spread dismay, desolation, and death throughout Philadelphia, in 1793, sweeping one-sixth of its population into the grave in about sixty days, he devoted himself to nursing the sick in the hospital with a self-sacrificing zeal which knew no bounds, and which excited universal admiration and praise. His biographer accounts for this conduct, repeated on two subsequent visitations of that terrible fever, by supposing that he was naturally benevolent, but that his early trials had sealed up the fountains of his human feeling. A great public catastrophe broke the seal, the suppressed fountain flowed until the day of terror passed, and then with resolute will he resealed the fountain, and became a cold-hearted, selfish man again.

His selfish disregard for the claims of his dependents was shown, one day, when one of his most successful captains, who had risen from the humble position of apprentice to the command of a fine ship, asked to be transferred to another ship. Girard made him no reply, but, turning to his desk, said to his chief clerk:

"Roberjot, make out Captain Galigar's account immediately."

When this order was obeyed and the account settled, he coolly said to the faithful officer:

"You are discharged, sir. I do not make the voyage for my captains, but for myself."

There was no appeal to be made from this unjust, arbitrary decision, and the man, who had served him faithfully seventeen years, left his counting-room to seek another employer.

Discourtesy was also a characteristic of this unlovely and unloving man. He never considered men's *feelings*, nor sought to give pleasure to others by means of the small courtesies of life. He had a farm in the suburbs of the city, and a garden at the back of his town residence. In

both he cultivated beautiful flowers and rare fruits; but never, either to visitors or neighbors, did he offer gifts of either. Rich though he was, he sent the surplus to market. He once told a visitor he might glean strawberries from a bed which had been pretty thoroughly picked over. Returning from the lower part of the garden, he found the gentleman picking berries from a full bed. With a look of astonishment, and a voice of half-suppressed anger, he pointed to the exhausted bed and said:

"I gave you permission only to eat from that bed."

Singular meanness! Yet, notwithstanding this narrow disposition, which ran like veins abnormally distended over nearly all his habits of life, he could, and did at times, do liberal things. But even in such things he was capricious and eccentric; as when a highly esteemed Quaker, named Coates, asked him one day to make a donation to the Pennsylvania Hospital. He replied:

"Call on me to-morrow morning, Mr. Coates, and if you find me on a right footing, I will do something."

Mr. Coates called as requested and found Girard at breakfast.

"Draw up and eat," said Girard.

Coates did so quite readily. The repast ended, he said, "Now we will proceed to business, Stephen."

"Well, what have you come for, Samuel?"

"Any thing thee pleases, Stephen," rejoined the Quaker.

Girard filled out and signed a check for two hundred dollars. Coates took it, and, without noting how much was the amount, put it in his pocket-book.

"What, you no look at the check I gave you?" exclaimed the merchant.

"No, beggars must not be choosers."

"Hand me back the check I gave you," demanded Girard.

"No, no, Stephen; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," responded Coates.

"By George," exclaimed Girard, "you have caught me on the *right footing*."

He then drew a check for five hundred dol-

lars, which he laid before the Quaker, saying: "Will you now look at it, Samuel?"

"Well, to please thee, Stephen, I will."

He did so, and then, at Girard's request, returned the first and went away triumphantly with the second check.

Skeptic though he was, Girard sometimes gave money to build churches, not because they were *churches*, but because, as buildings, they contributed to the improvement of the city. To a brother merchant who solicited aid toward building a Methodist church he once presented a check for five hundred dollars, saying:

"I approve of your motives, and, as the erection of such a building will tend to improve that quarter of the city, I am willing to assist in the furtherance of your object."

It happened that the church to which he thus contributed was subsequently sold to the Episcopalians, who proceeded to convert it into a Gothic structure at a very considerable outlay. They also waited on Girard soliciting a contribution. He handed them a check for five hundred dol-

lars. The gentlemen solicitors looked blank, and intimated that he had made the mistake of omitting a cipher. He had given the "poor Methodists" that sum they pleaded; he surely must have intended to make his present gift five thousand. With this remark they handed back the check, requesting him to add the desired cipher.

"Ah, gentlemen, what you say? I have made one mistake? Let me see; I believe not; but if you say so I must correct it."

Thus saying, he took up the check, tore it to pieces, and added: "I will not contribute one cent. Your society is wealthy. The Methodists are poor, but I make no distinction. Yet I can not please you. . . . I have nothing to give for your magnificent church."

But, with all his offensive peculiarities, Girard continued to increase his wealth. His ships spread their sails on every sea and earned money for him in every great commercial port. In 1812 he founded the old Girard Bank and added the rich profits of banking to the immense gains of his vast mercantile transactions. This new enter-

prise greatly enlarged the sphere of his influence, especially as in matters pertaining to the financial interests of the country and of the city of Philadelphia he manifested a degree of public spirit which contrasted marvelously with his narrowness, meanness, and even inhumanity, in dealing with individual and private interests. He was certainly a patriotic man. Nevertheless, as his biographer demonstrates, he always contrived to make his patriotism tributary to the increase of his immense wealth. His magnificent purchases of United States securities in times of pecuniary disaster, though they contributed immensely to the credit of the Government, were not wholly patriotic. They were, to his far-seeing mind, investments which were sure to pay. And he knew also that the very magnitude of his purchases would, by strengthening public confidence, insure the profitable returns he sought. Still, there is no room for doubting the sincerity of his attachment to the country of his adoption.

This fortunate accumulator of millions took very little from his hoards for the promotion of

his personal ease and physical enjoyments. He lived in a plain mansion, simply furnished, and standing in the midst of warehouses, where the din of business, the rolling of heavy wheels, and the city's noisiest roar, constantly filled his ears. His table was plentifully but not luxuriously supplied. As he grew old it was extremely simple. He gave no parties, invited none to share his hospitality except now and then an individual from whom he had reason for believing he could extract information which would be useful to him. He worked incessantly at his business, rising at three or four o'clock and toiling until after midnight. His keen eye inspected every department of his complicated business, from the discounting of a note to the building of a ship or the erection of a building. His only recreation was his garden, his farm at Passyunk, or the training of his birds. His life was coined into work. Its only real pleasure was derived from the accumulation of the money which was to make his name immortal.

In 1830 the sight of his eye grew so dim that

it was both difficult and dangerous for him to grope his way along the familiar streets where he transacted business. But so obstinately self-reliant was he, that he refused the aid of an attendant. He paid dearly for this obstinacy; for, one day as he was going home from his bank, he was knocked down by a wagon on a street-crossing. A gentleman seeing him fall rushed to his assistance. But before he could reach him the plucky old merchant was on his feet shouting, "Stop that fellow! stop that fellow!"

He was badly hurt. Nevertheless, he persisted in walking home. When his physician came his face was found to be seriously wounded. His right ear was almost entirely cut off. His eye was entirely closed. His entire system had received a violent shock, from which it never recovered. His wound healed, but from that time his body began to waste, his face grew thin, and his natural force began to abate. His strength was sadly impaired, and when, in December, 1831, he was attacked by a prevailing influenza, his worn-out system succumbed. The disease

touched his powerful brain. He became first insane and then insensible, until, on the 26th of December, 1831, this old man of eighty-two rose from his bed, walked across his chamber, returned almost immediately to his bed, and then, placing his hand upon his burning head, exclaimed:

"How violent is this disorder! How very extraordinary it is!"

After this he lapsed into an unconscious condition, and while in this state his naked soul passed into the presence-chamber of that Infinite One whose worship it had neglected, and whose existence it had boldly denied.

Thus ended that busy life, which began in poverty, and which had yielded its possessor a fortune of *ten millions of dollars*. Surely, if wealth and the power it wields be the real crown of life, Stephen Girard must be accorded high rank among the mighty men who win magnificent victories over the adverse circumstances of an obscure birth. He sought riches, not as a miser who gloats with low delight over his glittering gold, but as a man ambitious to make his name

imperishable. His ambition was satisfied. His ten millions, invested as directed in his will, which is itself a marvel of worldly wisdom, is accomplishing his life-long desire. So far as human foresight can perceive, Girard College will keep the name of this wonderful man before the eyes of men through the coming ages.

Nevertheless, we count this victor over the mighty obstacles which stand between a penniless cabin-boy and the ownership of millions a vanquished man. Bringing his life into the "light of the glory of God which shines from the face of Jesus Christ," we are compelled to pronounce it a miserable failure. We do not find either Christian faith or Christian morality in it. As to faith, he had none; for he was an atheist, and gloried in his disbelief of all revealed truth. As to morality, his biographer informs us that he was an unchaste, profane, passionate, arbitrary, ungenerous, unloving man. His apparent philanthropy was so veined with selfishness that it was rarely ever exhibited except under conditions which secured publicity. And even the college which

perpetuates his name proclaims, by its prohibition of *religious* instruction, his hatred of "the only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved." It is true that his will enjoins instruction in morals; but it is heathen, not Christian, morality that he intended; and, if the letter and spirit of his remarkable will were strictly carried out, the graduates of Girard College would leave its walls as ill instructed in the principles of genuine morality as were the disciples of Socrates or the followers of Confucius. The only roots on which pure morals can grow are faith in our Heavenly Father and his divine Son, and love which is born of that precious faith. That faith is forbidden to be taught, and its divinely ordained teachers are prohibited entrance within the walls his unsanctified ambition built. Happily for the orphan boys who congregate there, the *spirit* of that antichristian will can not be executed in this Christian country. Its *letter* is no doubt respected; but the ethics of the institution are not those of Voltaire, Rousseau, or Confucius, but of Jesus, whose life is the only "light of men." Hence,

while his college may perpetuate his name, it will never cause mankind to love his character, nor to hope that he is one of that exalted host which ascended to heaven through much tribulation, and after washing their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

VII.

CHARLES LAMB,

The Genial Humorist.

AMONG the antiquities of our mother England's great metropolis, there is a collection of cloistered buildings called the Temple, because some of them were built and occupied by the Knights Templars, so famous in the Middle Ages. But since the time of Edward III they have been occupied by two societies of lawyers and law students, known as the "Inner Temple" and the "Middle Temple." These gentlemen have offices and apartments in this extensive property, which stretches from Fleet Street to the banks of the Thames, where its beautiful gardens delight the senses and offer

pleasant lounging places to the benchers and others who occupy its gloomy cloisters.

In one of the chambers of the Inner Temple, on the 18th of February, 1775, was born a child who lived to win for his name an honorable place on the roll of old England's famous literary men. The name of the child was Charles Lamb. His father was a modest scrivener in the employment of a lawyer named Salt. He was the youngest of three children, John, Mary, and Charles, and spent the first seven years of his life in the comparative seclusion of the Temple cloisters, and in the enjoyment of the moderate comforts supplied by his father's stinted income. There was, therefore, very little in the circumstances of his birth to help him up the hill of distinction.

When seven years old, his father obtained his admission into "Christ's Hospital," a famous boys' school, founded in 1552, by the gentle, pious boy-king, Edward VI, and generally known as the "Blue Coat School," on account of the peculiar dress worn by its pupils.

Fancy a boy of seven, small for his age, of

delicate frame, with a mild countenance, a clear brown, almost Jewish, complexion; one of his eyes is hazel, the other has specks of gray in the iris. This boy has a staid, grave aspect. He is clad, after the grotesque fashion of his schoolfellows, in a long, blue coat, yellow stockings and vest, a red leathern girdle, a flat, black woolen cap, scarcely larger than a saucer, and a clerical neck-band. He is nervous and timid in his movements, and has an impediment in his speech. His step is plantigrade—that is, he walks on the soles of his feet.

Such was little Charles Lamb, as he appeared when introduced to the hundreds of rude, unfeeling boys, who composed the noisy world included within the cloisters of Christ's Hospital. Knowing the unmercifulness of healthy boys toward weak and peculiar ones, a thoughtful spectator would be inclined to anticipate a school life for young Lamb as crushing as that of Cowper's at Dr. Pitman's establishment. But it was far otherwise. This quaint child carried a talisman which threw a spell over his thoughtless schoolmates and

made them all his friends. His amiability, his sweetness of disposition, his quiet gentleness, were charms which the rudest among them could not resist. They subdued all disposition to harshness, and won for him the rich guerdon of universal kindness.

This was assuredly a great moral victory, especially as, owing to his nervous temperament and his habit of stuttering, he could not join in the sports of his classmates. "While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk." That with such habits he could win and retain their affection is proof enough that he was very highly endowed with the magnetism of gentleness.

Young Lamb passed some years at the Blue Coat School with credit. He was very apt at classical studies, and quite skillful in Latin composition. His progress was such that he might have won a scholarship and gone to one of the universities, but for the impediment in his speech, which entirely unfitted him to be a clergyman. As scholarships were only given for this end at

Christ's Hospital, and as his father was too poor to pay his expenses at a university, he reluctantly quitted the halls of education when fourteen years old, and entered upon the uncongenial duties of a clerkship, first at the South Sea House, and, after about two years, in the office of the East India Company. Here, for thirty-three years, he plodded at the accountant's desk, and while in this humble position he composed the genial "Essays of Elia," to which he chiefly owes his immortality in the literary world.

It is more than probable that Lamb's name would never have been heard dropping from the lips of Fame, but for the influence of a school friendship. Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, was at Christ's Hospital with Lamb. The "inspired charity boy," as the former has been called, won the enthusiastic admiration of the poor scrivener's meek little son. They became intimate friends, and saw each other occasionally while Coleridge was at the university. When he subsequently went to London, they met frequently at a little tavern known as the "Salutation and

Cat." There Coleridge talked and Lamb listened, amid the fumes of tobacco and the unsavory odors of beer and spirits, until long after they heard the chimes of midnight. The effect of these intellectual conversations was the quickening of Lamb's genius, which, owing to his native timidity, needed the impulse of an intensely energetic mind to rouse it to self-assertion and action. Years after, when dedicating his collected works to Coleridge, Lamb referred to these meetings, and said to this first and oldest friend: "You first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love, of poetry and beauty and kindliness."

Lamb's first attempts at authorship were made in 1797, when he was twenty-two years old. They consisted of a few sonnets and other verses, printed in a volume with some poems by Coleridge and a mutual friend named Lloyd. They attracted very little notice. The next year he wrote his little prose tale, "Rosamond Gray," which was more favorably received. Some time after he wrote "John Woodvil," a tragedy, which the critics cut up, and the theatrical men refused

to put on the stage. This was followed by "Mr. H.," a farce, which was played once and hissed off the stage. From 1807, and onward, he wrote much for the press; and his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," etc., received greater public favor than any of his previous publications. In 1820 he began those quaint, humorous, genial "Essays of Elia," which added greatly to his reputation among literary men, but, strange to say, did not circulate very freely during his lifetime. "Since his death," says a recent reviewer, "the essays have proved an inexhaustible mine, and the collected works have arrived at least at a seventh edition."

Lamb was indebted to his friend Coleridge for his introduction to the society and friendship of the literary giants of his times. But for Coleridge, it is scarcely probable that this poor, stuttering clerk in the India House could have secured even notice from such brilliant writers as Southey, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Proctor, Patmore, Wilson, etc. Once introduced, however, Lamb's fascinating genius won their admiration and

secured their friendship. He became their correspondent and companion, and, after 1808, drew around him, at his Wednesday-night parties, a *coterie* of wits and thinkers unrivaled, except at the grand dinners given, at the same period, to men of letters in the stately drawing-rooms of Holland House.

Seeing that this son of a poor scrivener, this half-educated charity boy, this poor toiling clerk of a mammoth corporation, embarrassed as he was by the sad condition of his sister, won a permanent and distinguished place in English literature, became the esteemed friend of many of the brightest lights of his generation, and the beloved center of an almost unequaled *coterie* of wits and authors, you will not question his right to be ranked with men who conquered their difficulties and crowned themselves with the laurels of victory.

Trials are tests of character. No man can thoroughly know himself, or be truly known by others, but by his conduct under afflictions or temptations which severely strain his principles.

We are not aware that Lamb was ever severely tested by unusual solicitations to wrong-doing, but his biographers have made it certain that few men ever suffered severer domestic affliction than he endured through forty years of his otherwise uneventful life.

His sorrows began when he was scarcely twenty years old. Then his father sank into almost helpless dotage, his mother became impotent, the family resources grew limited and insufficient, his sister was consequently overworked, his own duties at the accountant's desk were irksome and distasteful, his only friend—Coleridge—was not at hand to cheer his spirits, his nerves were delicately strung, and, altogether, his burdens were too heavy for his strength. His brain reeled beneath the unequal load. He became, for six weeks, the inmate of an insane asylum. This was a rude introduction, surely, to the responsibilities of manhood.

But a still heavier and more lasting sorrow swelled his sensitive heart the following year. It came swift as an arrow, terrible as a destructive

thunder-gust. He had recovered the right use of his reason, had settled down to his life-work with quiet resolution, was doing his best to make his parents and sister comfortable, and was even fondly dreaming of marriage with a "fair-haired maid" whom he loved, when the tragic event, which threw a cloud of sadness over the remainder of his life, burst upon him like a sudden blow from an invisible hand.

Lamb had noticed that Mary, his sister, over-tasked with work, care, and anxiety, was growing nervous, and giving indications of insanity. He had even called on his physician, seeking advice with respect to her symptoms; but, finding him out, he had gone as usual to his office. About noon, a few days later, his poor sister suddenly seized a knife and made a fierce dash at her little serving-maid, who evaded the blow by running from her infuriated mistress. The helpless mother called on Mary to forbear. Instantly the daughter, fiercely shrieking, turned upon the mother and plunged the knife into her heart. Lamb entered the room at this moment, and saw his sister

brandishing the dripping knife over his mother's head. He also saw his helpless father sitting by, with a forehead bleeding from a wound inflicted with a table-fork, which the maniac girl had thrown at him in her fury. It was a shocking sight, which demanded instant action. Aided by his landlord, Lamb speedily disarmed his sister, and sent her to an insane asylum.

In a few weeks she recovered her senses and recalled the awful scene. Happily for her peace of mind, her "sound judgment" enabled her "to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder."

Lamb, describing his first interview, after her return to sanity, in a letter to his then only friend—Coleridge—says:

"I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far, from a forgetful serenity, for she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind

and religions principle to look forward to a time when even she might recover tranquillity."

It is surprising that Lamb himself did not relapse into his former insanity under the pressure of this horrible affair. Probably his strong affection for his sister saved him from so sad a fate. Sympathy for her gave tone to his mind. Instead of dwelling upon the spectacle of death which his eyes met on that fearful day, he thought of his poor Mary until his eyes ran with manly tears, and his heart swelled with a loving purpose to live and toil for her comfort.

He describes two singular illustrations of his feelings and his mode of dealing with them at this critical juncture.

"Within a day or two after the fatal one," he writes to Coleridge, "we dressed for dinner a tongue, which we had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me. This tongue poor Mary got for me, and can I partake of it now, when she is far away?"

It then occurred to him that this feeling, if

indulged, would become morbid. Every thing that reminded him of Mary would "awaken the keenest griefs," and, saying to himself, "I must rise above such weaknesses," he resolutely ate of the suggestive tongue. The will of the *man* thus curbed the feelings of the *brother.*

Before his mother's burial his acquaintances and neighbors urged him, one day, to sit at table and eat with them. After some persuasion he sat down, when, he says, "my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room; a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good."

Both these incidents show the narrowness of

Lamb's escape from that morbid state of mind which is the prelude to insanity. They also exhibit the intensity of his affections.

But the noblest expression of his love for his sister was made subsequently, when the question arose between him and his brother what to do with poor Mary. As already stated, her mind began to recover its balance in a few weeks; but, in the judgment of her physicians, she was doomed to perpetual recurrences of mental aberrations, and her *safest* home would be within the walls of an asylum. The authorities of the parish thought, in view of the great tragedy in which Mary had borne the conspicuous part, that it would not be safe to suffer her to go at large. The elder brother, a worldly, prosperous, and thoroughly selfish man, agreed with the authorities, and protested against her liberation. But Charles set his heart upon it. He combated all opposers, and, by pledging himself to the support and care of his beloved Mary for life, he finally secured her release. Proudly as ever bridegroom led bride to the marriage altar, he conducted his

restored sister to his cheerless home, which, by the recent death of his father, had been left solitary indeed.

This was a beautiful sacrifice on the altar of fraternal love. Lamb's income at that time was only five hundred dollars per annum. Hence, the maintenance of his sister, who was destined to live "perpetually on the brink of madness," involved a renunciation, as he said in one of his poems, of

> "Vain loves, and wanderings with a fair-haired maid,
> . . . who so long
> My foolish heart steeped in idolatry
> And creative loves."

For his sister's sake he abandoned all thoughts of marriage with this unknown "fair-haired maid," and consecrated himself to bachelorhood and Mary. And during forty years he faithfully kept his pledge to care for her. His devotion to her happiness was complete, and it never abated. When her frequent fits of insanity were coming on, he took her by the hand and led her, with touching tenderness, to the gates of her asylum. When she recovered, he joyfully con-

ducted her back to his home. There he studied to minister to her tastes, to cheer her spirits, to promote her chosen pursuits, to ward off as long as possible the always impending attacks of her terrible delirium. So devoted was he that he never tasted a pleasure she could not share without sharp self-rebuke. He made her the companion of his rambles during his vacations so long as she could endure the fatigue of travel; when she could not, he gave up that form of enjoyment, and contented himself with such short rambles in the vicinity of London as she could share.

Mary fully appreciated her brother's devotion, and reciprocated it, when in her right mind, with all the self-abnegation possible to the noblest type of sisterly affection. As her brother lived for her, so did she live for him. It is doubtful if human history affords a more perfect example of brotherly and sisterly affection than that which bound the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb so beautifully together. It is painful to be reminded that this man, so devoted to his sister and so self-

denying for her sake, was not also devoted to our adorable Redeemer, was not equally self-denying with regard to the essential virtues of temperance and respect to the divine name.

Hitherto we have looked on the best side of Lamb's character. We have seen him kind, genial, successful in literary ventures, the cynosure of a select and brilliant circle of cultivated minds, and a model of fraternal, self-denying devotion to the happiness of his unfortunate sister. Most sincerely do we wish that truth permitted us to leave his picture radiant with the soft light of these virtues and successes, unshaded by the dark colors of a solitary great fault, a model for the youth of all generations. But this, alas! we dare not do. If we did, his portrait would not be true to the life. To be so, it must receive the shadings which fall from the glaring vices of profanity, intemperance, and irreligion.

Few things are more shocking to a refined and religious mind than to hear the Divine name used as an expletive. Ordinarily, profanity is not the vice of cultivated and gentle souls, but of hard,

coarse natures. An oath from a woman's lips falls with a sharp and unexpected pain upon the ear. It is almost equally startling when heard dropping from the tongue of a man of feeling. It is, therefore, peculiarly painful to an admirer of Charles Lamb to reflect that he was addicted to this disgusting vice. Both his conversation and his letters were habitually disfigured with profane expressions.

His friend and biographer, Talfourd, animated by a desire to screen his reputation, and possibly a wish to protect public morals, expunged the obnoxious epithets from Lamb's letters. Referring to this fact, a writer in the *Westminster Review* says:

"Talfourd fell into an inexcusable error of judgment. Where he found strong expletives, and what seemed to him objectionable expressions, in his friend's writings, he thought to mend matters, and present Lamb in more fastidious dress, by garbling the text with an unscrupulous freedom that reminds us of the old commentators; and, to justify this liberty, Talfourd could not

plead, as we learn from many independent sources, that Lamb's writings belied his habitual manner and conversation. Mr. Carew Hazlitt attacks Talfourd on this point, and every one will agree with him."

Not exactly. We both agree and disagree with Hazlitt. Talfourd did right in keeping the profanity out of Lamb's letters, that it might not corrupt public morals. He erred in not making full and distinct statement that he had performed the good work of expurgation, inasmuch as without a knowledge that Lamb was profane, his readers could not reach a just conclusion respecting his friend's character.

There is no doubt of Lamb's habitual profanity. Whence the habit proceeded, how his kind and gentle nature could find pleasure in such a vulgar vice, is a perplexing question. We know of no better solution than to attribute it to the corrupting influence of his intemperance and irreligion. The former blunted his moral sensibilities, the latter destroyed his reverence for sacred things and hallowed names.

That Charles Lamb's life was disfigured by excessive drinking is indisputable. His biographers admit it, and do their best to veil it with various apologies. Of the extent of this evil habit it is difficult to judge. That he was not an abandoned drunkard is rendered certain by his steady attention to his clerical duties through many years, and by his maintenance of respectability and working literary power down to the end of his days. We suspect, however, that he followed the then almost universal habit of drinking more or less daily—possibly to partial intoxication toward bed-time—and that occasionally he drank himself stupidly drunk.

"I went to bed pot valiant," he says in one of his letters. In another he begs a friend to excuse "some foolish behavior at Richmond. You knew me well enough before, that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me." In a graphic picture of a Wednesday night symposium at Lamb's house, Talfourd portrays him surrounded by Lloyd, Hazlitt, Burney, Liston, Kemble, Montague, and other wits, presiding

like the symposiarch he was, and quaffing from the "vast jug of porter often replenished from the foaming pots which the best tap of Fleet Street supplied." And when the table had been cleared of its abundant beef, lamb, and potatoes, he called for hot water and the stimulating brandy, gin, and rum, under the evil inspiration of which the conviviality of his guests became more and more noisy, until their brains grew giddy and they staggered away during the small hours of the morning, leaving their well-steeped host to sleep away the effects of the drink which had first inspired and then stupefied him.

Talfourd apologizes for his love of drink, by saying: "The eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors, from an early period of life, proved that, to a physical peculiarity of constitution was to be ascribed, in the first instance, the strength of the temptation by which he was assailed. This kind of corporeal need; the struggles of deep thought to overcome the bashfulness and the impediment of speech which obstructed its utterance; the dull, irksome labors which hung

heavy on his mornings, and dried up his spirits; and, still more, the sorrows which had environed him and which prompted him to snatch a fearful joy; and the unbounded craving after sympathy with human feelings, conspired to disarm his power of resisting when the means of indulgence were actually before him."

This was all true doubtless. But what is its import? What is it but a confession that poor Lamb was a slave? The pewter mug foaming with porter, the glass sparkling with ruby wine, or reeking with the fumes of alcohol, were his masters. They held this genial humorist, this gentlest of men, this most loving of brothers, this charming essayist, this man who won his way to literary fame, bound with gyves he could not break. Alas that so deserving a victor should be vanquished by such mean antagonists! Why was it so?

Had Lamb consented to wear the yoke of Christ in his youth, he would have been one of the most lovely and lovable men of his times; he would have found ample consolation in his great

sorrow; he would have mastered what Talfourd charitably calls "a physical peculiarity of constitution," and have become not only the caterer he was to the intellectual tastes of cultivated minds, but a powerful contributor to the progress of experimental religion. His natural gentleness of disposition, his kindliness, his simplicity, his capacity of self-abnegation, needed but the inspiration of the spirit of Christian love to make him one of the most attractive of Christian men.

But Lamb was not a Christian, except in name. It was his misfortune to be educated a Unitarian of the Priestley school. We say misfortune, because it deprived him of that conception of a Divine Redeemer which is essential to all saving faith, and started his mind on that career of doubt respecting the central truths of Christianity which, in his case, as in many others, terminated in absolute skepticism.

Long before his death, he questioned, not only our Lord's divinity, but his doctrines also. To him human probation, the freedom of the will, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, were

unsubstantial theories, from which his mind recoiled. He refused to "contemplate another state of being." He chose to live in and for the present. His sympathies were consequently so narrowed that, though ever ready to minister to individual suffering brought directly under his notice, he was hostile to every enlarged scheme of benevolence. Do you wonder that he found no power to overcome his propensity for stimulating drink? Is it surprising that he treated sacred things profanely? Do you not see that his vices vanquished him because he fought the battle of life in his own strength, and with weapons forged by his own hands? Had he cast himself on the Cross, armed himself with celestial weapons, his life would have been unstained, his character symmetrical, and his example a model for universal imitation.

Lamb's last years were spent as a pensioner of the India House, in ease, in enjoyment of literary society, and the care of his beloved and afflicted sister. He died quite suddenly, December 27, 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Be not deceived. Lamb has had brilliant men for his biographers, who have striven to hold him up to public admiration by making his great virtues a cloak for his undeniably great faults. But their judgment will not stand before Him, who says of the virtues which sometimes flourish side by side with vices, in such characters as Lamb: "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone;" and of the vices: "No drunkard hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God;" "Swear not at all;" "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

VIII.

EDGAR ALLAN POE,

The Unhappy Poet.

THERE are few young persons of intelligence who have not heard that weird, fantastic poem, "The Raven," or that lively, fascinating composition, "The Bells," recited by some fellow-student at school, or by the peripatetic elocutionist in some public hall. The author of these unique compositions won, during his life-time, multitudes of readers in his native land, and still greater numbers in Europe, both for his fanciful rhymes and his prose writings. He soon passed away, but his productions are still largely read, and some of them will probably retain a permanent place in English

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

literature. He may therefore justly be ranked with those sons of genius who have won for themselves a lasting record on the rolls of fame.

The story of his brief life is as melancholy as that of Chatterton. He was the child of an unwise marriage between a law student, named David Poe—a mere boy of eighteen—and Elizabeth Arnold, an actress who fascinated him at Baltimore, where she was fulfilling a theatrical engagement. The student's family was of Norman origin, and had worn the crest of nobility for ages in Ireland. The pretty actress was probably of plebeian blood. They were married in 1806, and Edgar, our unhappy poet, was their second son, born, as is supposed, in Boston, February 19, 1809.

Marriages originating in the rash impulses of passion, and hastily consummated, in utter disregard of the voices of prudence, rarely yield lasting happiness to the parties, or bring prosperity to their offspring. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that, in December, 1811, the unfortunate actress, deserted by her thoughtless husband, died in great poverty at Richmond,

Virginia, leaving three helpless children to the tender mercies of the charitable portion of society. The madcap father probably died shortly after. The little ones were adopted by respectable families. Mr. John Allan, a Richmond merchant, took little Edgar to his home and heart.

This was both a fortunate and unfortunate event for the bright little boy. It was fortunate, in that it rescued him from the fate of a poor social waif, introduced him into a home of wealth, secured him the means of liberal education, and brought him the love of a childless foster father and mother. It was unfortunate, in that these good things were perverted into evil influences by the fact that these kind-hearted people became foolishly fond of him. They petted him, pampered him, permitted him to have his own way in every thing, and thus speedily made him that unhappy creature which we call a spoiled child.

The effect of this well-meant folly was apparent when the child was sent to school. There, in defiance of a known rule, he intruded upon the teacher's vegetable garden during recess. His

punishment was, having a carrot or turnip hung about his neck. He wore this badge of disgrace in a sullen mood until school was dismissed, then slipping out unobserved by his teacher, he ran home with the esculent dangling about his neck, and complained of the fancied indignity to his foster-father. The foolish man, instead of reproving the boy, rushed to the room of the teacher, lectured her severely for what he unreasonably called an insult to his son, settled his school bill, and took the triumphant offender from the institution.

If this fact was typical, as we suppose it to be, of Mr. Allan's general method of dealing with his sprightly pet, one is not surprised that the boy grew up passionate, self-willed, and prepared to be the victim of circumstances. The cruelty of such fondness—it is not real *love*—is appalling.

When seven years old, Edgar was taken to England by his foster parents, and placed under the care of Dr. Bransby, at Stoke Newington, near London. Concerning what he learned, or what was his behavior during the five or six years

of his stay in this institution, little is positively known. But on his return to America he was a handsome boy, "with bright eyes, soft, clustering hair, and a face alive with expression." He was very sensitive, overflowed with self-esteem, was easily offended, and ever ready to avenge imagined affronts by impaling the offenders with satirical rhymes. These trashy verses his unwise foster-father praised extravagantly. He even read them to his friends as proofs of genius in his willful boy. But they could not be prevailed on either to admire or tolerate the ill-governed lad. "He is *such* a bad boy," some of them said when they forbade their own children to make him their companion. No doubt his influence over other lads was not good, but evil. His home training was making him tyrannical, false, and deceitful. Petting and unreasonable indulgence were by no means suited to the right development of such an impulsive boy. What he needed was the strong arm of discipline, regulated by the sweet force of wise paternal affection. It was his great misfortune not to feel the restraints of such an arm.

He was, however, highly favored with opportunities for intellectual improvement. The best teachers in Richmond were employed to instruct him. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia. His progress and behavior while there have been covered with a cloud of uncertainty by the opposing statements of his biographers. We incline to the opinion, supported by Stoddard, that during the ten months he spent in that institution he was on the whole a successful student, and that the vice of drunkenness, which finally ruined him, had not then become his master. But another passion equally fatal to his prosperity did enthrall him. He was a devotee of the card-table, and when he returned to the home of his foster-father his debts, chiefly gambling bills, amounted to two thousand dollars!

The ingratitude of his nature was shown at this time, when his adopted mother, speaking to a friend in Edgar's presence, said:

"Mr. Gilliet, what *do* you think of Edgar? His father has just paid an enormous sum for his debts in Charlotteville, and now here is a bill for

quantities of champagne, and seventeen broadcloth coats, which he has gambled away."

"Yes," responded the reckless young man, "I went to see how much of the old man's money I could spend, and I have done it."

The lad who could thus repay the kindness which in his childhood had snatched him from the hard lot of a social waif, and had treated him with excessive tenderness through his boyhood, must have possessed an exceptionally bad nature. Grant that he had been unwisely treated, yet a reply so utterly oblivious of moral principle, so reckless, so inconsiderate of his foster-mother's feelings, indicates a heart so uncommonly depraved that it repels us. The wonder is that it did not alienate him from the affections of his patient foster parents. Indeed, there is some evidence that they did henceforth grow cool toward him, and that his time, during the ensuing three years, was not wholly spent under their friendly roof-tree. Where it was spent, and in what manner, is uncertain.

Still Mr. Allan acted a father's part, and, as

the young man expressed a desire to be a soldier, procured his admission to West Point as a cadet. This gave him a rare opportunity to make himself a man. But, instead of improving it, he idled away his time, talked brilliant nonsense about the poets, drank brandy until his nerves were shattered, fretted at the jests played off upon him by his associates, neglected his studies, and, in March, 1831, after a few months of time thus wasted, was court-martialed, and "dismissed the service of the United States."

The inexcusable folly of this wayward young man, in thus trampling upon a valuable privilege, seems to have broken the last link of affection in the heart of his long-suffering foster-father. Poe, therefore, found himself homeless, and without a profession. His prospect of regaining his forfeited place in the home of his boyhood was rendered hopeless by the fact that the grave had opened to receive the remains of the patient woman who had acted the part of his good angel. Besides this, Mr. Allan had married a second wife, and she had presented him with a child,

who would inherit the fortune which Edgar had expected would one day descend to himself. His affairs had therefore assumed a serious aspect. Evidently, he must earn money, or be pinched by want.

To relieve himself he appealed to the cadets, among whom he had acquired a questionable reputation as a writer of satirical squibs in jingling rhymes. He proposed to publish a volume of poems by subscription, at two dollars and fifty cents a copy. Influenced partly by pity, and partly by the expectation of getting some fun out of the thing, most of his old classmates paid him their money. Poe rewarded their generosity by imposing upon it. He seems to have had no sentiment of honor, and produced a cheap, badly printed volume of some fifty pages, filled not with the witty satires expected, but with crude, immature compositions, which, though indicative of unfledged genius, could not command their respect. The reckless young brandy-drinker had failed to make the most of another good opportunity. He had made himself the butt for many a bitter jest,

and covered his already blasted prospects with deeper gloom.

His next mad step was to return to Richmond and demand admission to the sick chamber of his foster-father. The new Mrs. Allan, fearing the effects of a scene on her husband's health, refused him the desired permission. He resented this judicious refusal with such demonstrations of passion that Mr. Allan, when informed of his unpardonable conduct, utterly discarded him, and when he died, as he did three years later, he left no mention of the cashiered cadet in his will. This must have been a terrible disappointment to Poe, yet who can justly blame the much-injured foster-father?

How he lived from this time until 1833 his biographers do not satisfactorily tell us. But in that year he visited the office of the *Saturday Visitor*, in Baltimore, to claim a sum awarded to him as the winner of two prizes which had been offered by the publishers of that magazine for the best tale and the best poem. He appeared before the publishers, says Stoddard, "thin, pale, with the

marks of sickness and destitution in his face. His seedy coat, buttoned up tight to the chin, concealed the absence of a shirt. Less successful were his boots, through whose crevices his lack of hose was seen. Out at all elbows as he was, the gentleman was apparent in his bearing, the man of genius in his conversation." His story won him the sympathy and aid of John P. Kennedy, the author. He was newly clothed, furnished with literary employment, and by his contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, won in a year or two a fair reputation among readers of polite literature. In 1835, having removed to Richmond, he became editor of the *Messenger*, and was fairly in the way of earning a comfortable support and of redeeming his name from the youthful follies by which it had been stained.

Alas for his peace! He had nursed an evil spirit among his appetites which had power to torment and destroy him. His love for strong drink was mightier than his will. It mastered him, and the publisher of the *Messenger* reluc-

tantly dismissed him from its tripod. In doing this the kind-hearted man, in reply to Poe's promises of reform, wrote: "That you are sincere in all your promises, I firmly believe. But, when once again you tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolutions will fail, and that you will drink again till your senses are lost. If you rely on your own strength you are gone. Unless you look to your Maker for help you will not be safe. . . . How much I regretted parting from you is known to him only and to myself. I had become attached to you. I am still. I would willingly say return, did not a knowledge of your past life make me dread a speedy renewal of our separation. . . . You have fine talents, Edgar, and you ought to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle and from bottle companioncy forever."

This was wise counsel. Especially that portion of it which bade him seek divine help. Had Poe done this, even at that time, had he stretched

out his weak arm toward the offered hand of Heaven, he would have been lifted out of the ditch of self-degradation, and gained such a standing on the rock of virtue as would have secured him peace and renown here and eternal felicity in the great hereafter. He chose to stand in his own strength. It failed him, and, as we shall see, his master passion destroyed him.

While in Richmond his fair cousin, Virginia Clemm, a sweet-faced, gentle maiden, loved and married him. Her love for him was beautiful, no doubt; but their marriage under their circumstances was a folly which brought with it a heavy entail of wretchedness to the wife during the ten years of their married life. The unfortunate lady died of consumption in 1848 at Fordham, near New York.

The plan of this sketch forbids us to give the details of Poe's life from this point. It is enough for our purpose to state that his talents secured him the editorial tripod first of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and then of *Graham's Magazine*. Subsequently he wrote for *The Home Journal*, the

American Review, and *The Broadway Journal.* His prose stories, such as "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" and "William Wilson," added greatly to his reputation, in Europe especially, and together with his poems, particularly that weird production, "The Raven," finally made him a literary celebrity. In spite of his waywardness, recklessness, passionateness, and love of the bottle, he won a recognized position among American poets and writers of fiction.

But, though Poe was now a lion in literary circles, he was an unhappy man. His vice kept him poor. His heart was a stormy sea of turbulent passions, and, at the death of his sweet, loving wife, of bitter griefs. It grew, to use his own words, "ashen and sober, as the leaves that were crisped and sere." It had no resting-place in God. The Pantheistic notions on which he fed it failed to inspire it with either hope or joy.

In 1848 he lectured in various places, with moderate success; wrote what Stoddard describes as that "wonderful piece of verbal melody, 'The Bells,'" with other poems, for the magazines, and

continued to yield more and more to the fascinations of the bottle and bottle companions. His literary friends helped him again and again out of the abysses of pecuniary destitution into which he fell, and a Richmond widow, "whom he had loved in his youth," returned his affection, and, in 1849, promised to be his bride. What unwisdom there often is in woman's love!

But the love of drink overmastered all his other affections. He started from Richmond to make certain preparations for his marriage. At Baltimore a friend invited him to take a drink. He did so, drank himself delirious, and was put out of the train, to wander up and down the streets of Baltimore. It was election time. The members of a rowdy political club took possession of him, gave him more drink, and caused him, like Samson among the Philistines, to make sport for them.

He was finally taken to a hospital, where, when his consciousness returned, he looked wildly round, and asked:

"Where am I?"

The attending physician kindly replied:

"You are cared for by your best friends."

He then lay still awhile, silently reflecting on his situation; after which he looked up, with an air half wild, half melancholy, and replied:

"My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains."

This cry of remorse mingled with despair was speedily followed by the victory of death over his delicately organized body. He died the victim of his own uncontrollable appetite for drink.

Alas, poor Poe! Though he was his own destroyer, one can not help mingling much of pity with the censure which his strange career provokes. Never had any poor waif, thrown as he was by the death of his natural protectors upon the charity of society, richer opportunities given him for self-improvement. Seldom has a boy been more highly endowed with natural gifts. True, he was a "spoiled child" for a year or two while in the home of his foster-father. But surely he had training enough in his English school to counteract that brief period of indulgence. As

he grew in intelligence he must have learned that, though the bent of his mind was strongly toward evil, a life of virtue and religion was obligatory upon him. He did know that the Divine One had offered grace, aid, and rest to such as he; but he chose to combat his strong, passionate appetites and his temptations in his own strength. He would conquer by his own unaided arm, or die. The sad result of this proud but foolish purpose was that he died in shame and misery, a recognized poet, but a vanquished man.

"Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand: ye shall lie down in sorrow."

IX.

HAYDON,

The Ambitious Artist.

SOME seventy-five years ago, in Plymouth, England, a stationer's breakfast hour was disquieted by the sudden entrance of his son partially dressed. The lad was about eighteen years old, slenderly built, with a ruddy complexion, black, curly hair and handsome features. His manner was excited. His azure gray eyes flashed fiercely as he stood, with a copy of Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses under his arm, and, addressing his father, said:

"Sir, I wish to go to London and enter the Royal Academy as a student!"

His startled father put down his coffee-cup, and exclaimed: "Eh—what?"

The excited boy repeated his wish. His father rejoined: "Pooh! nonsense!"

His uncle, who had stopped cracking his egg and was looking into the lad's face, as if he were questioning his sanity, repeated the father's word, "nonsense," and, taking up his egg, coolly proceeded with his breakfast.

Then the father burst into a fit of laughter, which, as the boy persisted in his entreaty, changed into an outburst of passion. This caused the lad's mother to cry, and the whole breakfast party was in an uproar, except the uncle, who quietly "finished his breakfast."

This excited lad was BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, subsequently distinguished as an artist. The father was a respectable stationer, doing a good business in Plymouth, and was trying to educate and train this, his only son, to follow his craft. To this end, he had sent him first to the Plymouth Grammar School, and afterward to an accountant in Exeter, to be initiated into the mysteries of book-keeping. In 1801, when the lad was nearly sixteen, he had been "installed

in his father's counting-room" and "brought face to face with business in detail."

But young Haydon hated business. The bent of his mind was toward drawing and painting. This taste had been developed when he was about eight years old, by Dr. Bidlake, the head master of his school, and had grown with his growth into a ruling passion. The good doctor had done this, not so much by the aid of books as by taking the boy out into the lovely scenery of Devonshire and showing him how to observe the wonderful works of God and to mark the outlines of grandeur or beauty in shady glen and waving coppice, in gloomy forest and blooming orchard, in rock-edged cove, in wide-spread, rippling bay, and in the surges of the stormy sea. This training had made the boy an impassioned worshiper of nature.

He had still another teacher, one Fenzi, a binder of books, in his father's employ. This Neapolitan talked to him of the glorious paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo until the boy's soul was enraptured. Baring his arm and stretch-

ing it out, this humble but enthusiastic admirer of the old masters would say:

"Do not draw de landscape, draw de feegorre, Master Benjamin."

The boy's fancy grew wild and strong under these inspirations. Being resolute, self-willed, and even pugnacious, he both vexed and puzzled his father and friends. They did not understand him, had no faith in his creative power, laughed at him, reasoned with him, appealed to his pecuniary prospects, begged him to give up his "delusions," and not let "so fine a business" as that of his father "pass out of the hands of its founders for the mere want of a little self-denial." Vain endeavors, these. The soul of the boy was a willing captive, self-bound to the chariot of art.

He fell sick, was blind six weeks, recovered in part, but had so far lost his natural sight as to be ever after incapable of seeing without spectacles. Was he discouraged? No. He would be the first painter who had succeeded without natural sight. Brave young soul! His uncle said: "The boy must be mad." He was mistaken.

The lad was not mad, except so far as the stupidity of his friends was driving him by their opposition to a state of excitement which seemed like the verge of madness.

This condition of mind culminated in the breakfast scene already described. That led his good mother and only sister to sympathize with him. Then the mother began gentle pleadings in the boy's behalf with the father, who, at length, became apprehensive that further opposition to his son's enthusiastic desire might work some lasting mischief to his character. Hence, in May, 1804, he consented to his entrance as a student at the Royal Academy in London.

Young Haydon rejoiced greatly over this victory. By obstinate persistence he had overcome his father's wishes respecting his vocation. Had he done right? Ought he to have submitted to the paternal authority? We think he should have done so during his minority. True, his father was not wise in refusing cheerful permission to his enthusiastic boy to follow his bent, in striving to force him into a career for which he not only

had no taste, but which he positively hated. Nevertheless, a parent's well-intentioned unwisdom does not destroy a son's obligation to obedience, and, therefore, it was young Haydon's duty to remain patiently in his father's counting-room until he became of age. It is by no means certain that, by doing so, he would have been less an artist; while it is likely that a year or two more of attention to business would have prepared him so to manage his pecuniary affairs as to have escaped the monetary troubles on which his peace and life were wrecked and broken. No path is safe for the youthful traveler to walk in but that of duty.

Our young artist, though ambitious to the last degree, was no idle dreamer. His aim was lofty, presumptuous even, but he set himself to its attainment by work, hard, incessant work. He read, he studied anatomy, he drew from early morning until the midnight hours. He sought no society, no amusements, no relaxation. He even neglected his correspondence.

"What is Benjamin about, that he never

writes?" asked his father of a relative who had visited him in London.

"Oh, he is mad, certainly; no doubt about it. I found him lying on the floor studying anatomy, with Albinus before him. He is certainly mad," was the relative's reply.

Yes, the young man was mad, though he was no maniac. His was the noble madness of that inspiration which is begotten of high purpose. To paint with that idealistic fidelity to nature which characterized the great artists of antiquity was the aim that possessed him, soul and body. To find the secret of their success, and to apply it to the creation of grand instructive paintings, was the object of his absorbing toil. This was a species of madness which, unfortunately for him, young Haydon's relatives were not able to comprehend.

All this hard work the young artist did unaided for months, until his overtasked body protested. Then he sought acquaintance with the artists of the day—with Northcote, Opie, West, Fuseli, and Wilkie. Most of them applauded his purpose to

paint historical pictures, and admired his drawings. But Northcote bluntly, almost prophetically, exclaimed:

"Hees-torical painter! Why, ye'll starve—with a bundle of streaw under yer heead. . . . Ye must paint portraits heere."

"But I won't, sir," replied young Haydon, resolutely.

"Ye waant? Ye *must*," rejoined the shrewd old artist.

Northcote knew from bitter experience that historical painting, or high art, as Haydon termed it, was not appreciated by the rich men of England. Neither was it popular with the ruling spirits of the Royal Academy. Hence it did not pay; and with most artists bread, of necessity, was the first consideration. But Haydon dared to adopt it as his line. If there was no existing school to patronize it he would found one, even at the risk of the starvation predicted by the queralous Northcote. There was moral grandeûr in this resolution, but poor Haydon lived long enough to learn by the bitterest suffering that the

attempt to achieve it could only be made at the price of starvation.

In 1806, after only four years of study in London, Haydon began his first historical picture, on a canvas six feet by four feet. Its subject was, "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt." It cost him six months of constant work. In 1807 he sent it to the Academy exhibition. His friend Fuseli secured it a good position. It was "highly approved, and considered to show great powers of drawing, expression, and color, which was pronounced to be properly flesh." It sold for about six hundred dollars, which was considered a high price for a student's picture.

More than its price was the reputation it procured him. It made Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave his friends. They invited him to their dinners, introduced him to the "first men of the day," and otherwise distinguished the "Devonshire lad." This was highly gratifying success, won by merit and hard study.

These aristocratic associations neither intox-

icated him with vanity nor tempted him to relax his studies. On the contrary, he toiled on, not in artistic studies merely, but in the daily study of French, Italian, Latin, and Greek authors, with a view to qualify himself for easy intercourse with the dignitaries with whom he was now called to associate. Nor did he merely dabble in these literary studies. His motto was, "Thorough in every thing." He mastered whatever he undertook.

Being called into Devonshire at this time by his father's illness, he found that he had already won reputation there as an artist. He was consequently overrun with applications to paint portraits at about eighty dollars each. He began to make money fast. Pactolus flowed at his feet. The way to competence was plainly open before him, but, fearful lest success in this department should turn him from his devotion to "high art," the chosen mistress of his affections, he resolutely eschewed it, and, returning to London, gave himself to the production of "Dentatus crushed by a Rock," which he was commissioned to paint for

his friend, Lord Mulgrave. This rejection of portrait-painting was the turning-point in his fortune. It was a golden opportunity nobly thrown away—the sacrifice of his monetary prospects at the shrine of a cherished idea. Had he paused to consider that, by first making himself more or less pecuniarily independent through portrait-painting, he would have been better prepared to fight successfully for his idea, he would have escaped most of the misery which embittered his subsequent life, and have achieved certainly as much, if not more, for "high art," than he actually did by this unnecessary sacrifice. But Haydon was a thorough idealist. He fancied himself strong enough to overcome the realistic tastes of his times, and to reap a golden harvest through his anticipated victory. He was mistaken. His mistake cost him a martyr's pangs, and plunged him into an untimely grave.

While working on "Dentatus," Haydon's attention was directed to the famous Elgin marbles, those beautiful creations of Greek art rescued from the ruins of Athens by the enterprise of Lord

Elgin. The study of these figures taught him his own deficiencies, and, laying aside his palette and brush, he spent three months in mastering those "exquisite fragments." Then, resuming his pencil, he finished Dentatus in season for the Academy Exhibition in 1809.

This picture Wilkie and others said "would make Haydon's reputation in any school in Europe." It was a "fine picture, full of life, like a bit of embodied lightning." But, by the connivance of envious artists, instead of being hung in a good position, it was placed in a dark anteroom. This was a dastardly deed intended to hide the merits of the picture and throw a cloud over the professional reputation of the young painter. Haydon was deeply mortified. Rich amateurs who had formerly boasted of his merits now disowned him, and his studio was deserted. He resented this treatment with scornful jests, and went down into Devonshire with his friend Wilkie for rest and recreation.

Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave stood up for him bravely under these mortifica-

tions. The former commissioned him to paint a scene from Macbeth. With strange, unpardonable obstinacy which he lived to regret, he quarreled with his patron about the size of the picture, assumed that the commission was withdrawn, and went on with it in his own way. This was an inexcusable folly in a poor artist, but it was characteristic, "because," as he afterward said, "my mind wanted the discipline of early training."

A ray of cheering light fell upon his path at this time. The Academy offered a prize of some six hundred dollars for the best historical picture by a living English painter. At Lord Mulgrave's suggestion he put his Dentatus in competition, and won the prize.

Haydon's next performance was suicidal to a man in his position. It was an attack, in three letters, upon the prevailing notions on art education. These articles fell like bombs in the midst of England's art world. The noise of their explosion was tremendous. But the artists stood by each other and by their Academy; and the luckless Haydon was almost universally condemned.

He had given able utterance to unpalatable truths. His reward was a blasted reputation, the treatment of a pariah, the loss of patronage, and the deepening shadows of prospective bankruptcy falling ominously upon his professional path. Unwise artist!

Haydon, undaunted by the gigantic difficulties which bestrode his path, gave himself to his work with a determination really grand. His "Macbeth," though confessedly superior to other paintings sent to the Academy in competition for a prize, was refused its merited award, because of the three fatal letters. Disgusted, but not disheartened, he gave himself up to diligent work upon another great picture, "The Judgment of Solomon." Through twenty long months he toiled in his forsaken studio, living, at times, on potatoes and salt, and working himself almost blind. In 1814 he sent the picture to the Water-color Society Exhibition. It caused a sensation. In spite of the attempts of his enemies to talk it down, it was pronounced "the finest historical work ever painted by an Englishman," sold for

upward of thirty-six hundred dollars, made him the lion of the season, and gave him a high reputation in every artistic circle throughout Continental Europe.

During the next five years our indefatigable artist labored incessantly upon another grand picture, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem." To his money-seeking brother artists it seemed the height of folly in him to spend five years on a single painting. But he did it for the love he bore to art, enduring the ills of poverty meanwhile; consenting to live, partly on the bounty of a few friends, partly on the tuition fees of pupils whom he instructed, and partly on the proceeds of notes of hand discounted by rascally usurers at the rate of sixty per cent. Poor Haydon! Those terrible notes became the tormentors of his life, and they finally dug his grave.

When this great picture was finished, it was exhibited in Egyptian Hall. Crowds of the nobility, artists, and dilettanti flocked to see it on the opening day, but none dared venture an opinion until the great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons;

"walked into the room like a Ceres or a Juno," and, after viewing it awhile, said oracularly:

"It is completely successful. . . . The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look."

These words became the oracle of the distinguished crowd. Society echoed them. Thirty thousand people visited the picture. Almost every body said it ought to be purchased for the National Gallery. His enemies prevented that, and he took the picture to Scotland. There twenty thousand people paid to see it, and Scotland's noblest minds did honor to the painter. Still no purchaser was found for this "stupendous picture."

The proceeds of its exhibition, and the sale of his "Macbeth" for a little over a thousand dollars, somewhat improved Haydon's pecuniary condition, but did not wholly free him from the galling chains of extortionate money-lenders. Nevertheless, he sought to taste the sweets and solaces of domestic life by marrying, in October, 1821, "a very lovely young widow," whom he tenderly loved, but who brought him no fortune.

The "Raising of Lazarus" was his next great picture. It cost him two years of faithful and rapid work. They were years of sore pecuniary trials. His debts increased continually. His hungry creditors besieged the door of his studio. He sought temporary relief again by means of those fatal notes of hand at sixty per cent. Twice, to escape arrest, he persuaded some pupils to indorse his notes, which they were compelled to pay. This was certainly wrong. It delayed, but did not finally prevent, the sheriff's visit. Amidst manifold anxieties he finished the picture. Its exhibition was profitable, but its success tempted a heartless creditor to put in an execution. The artist was dragged to the debtor's prison, his goods, his books, his casts, his sketches, all the materials of his art sold at auction, his pupils scattered, and his excellent wife sorely distressed. In spite of his fame, his skill, his many artist and noble friends, he was a ruined man. It would have been a light matter for a few of his wealthy admirers to save him from all this humiliation and loss by giving him

liberal commissions and advancing their price. They professed to pity him. Perhaps they did, but their sympathy did not move them to offer effectual assistance. They praised the *artist*, but left the *man* to fight his way out of his sore troubles or perish. He fought on bravely, until the strain was greater than nature could endure, and then died.

Discharged from the debtor's prison, Haydon found his home desolate. His spirit, though grievously bruised, was not yet conquered. None of his titled friends coming to help him with commissions, his necessities compelled him to resort to what he regarded as the drudgery of portrait-painting and the composition of small pictures. After some two years he was cheered by orders for historical pictures, and painted "Pharaoh Dismissing Moses," "Venus and Anchises," and "Alexander and Bucephalus." These noble pictures were exhibited, and so highly praised by many of his old enemies, the academecians, that, moved by the generosity of his own great nature, he sought membership in the Royal Academy.

To their everlasting disgrace its narrow-souled members rejected him.

Again, in 1827, lacking constant employment, he fell into the vortex of hopeless indebtedness. The burden of over eight thousand dollars of debts hung like a mill-stone about his neck and sunk him. The harpies of the law clutched him and forced him to spend two wretched months in the debtor's prison. His noble friends, on hearing of his misfortune, met, voted that he merited public sympathy and aid, and subscribed six hundred dollars. If their sentimental talk could have been coined into gold, our unhappy artist would have been enabled to bid defiance to attornies, sheriffs, and gaolers. But, since it was little more than useless froth, he had to suffer and struggle on in unspeakable anguish of mind.

Out of prison once more, he found a few untitled friends who helped him to bread while he painted his "Mock Election" and his "Chairing the Member." The former of these admirable pictures was exhibited with moderate success, and purchased by the King George IV for some

twenty-five hundred dollars. The latter, after some delay, was sold for half that sum to a private gentleman.

We have not space to follow the remaining details of this unfortunate man's career. Nor is it necessary. It was little else than a repetition of his previous experiences. He resolutely maintained his purpose to introduce a better school of art than then existed in England, he kept up his conflict with the ruling spirits of the Academy, he was continually thwarted and opposed by them in return, he vainly strove to obtain governmental employment, he lectured on art to approving crowds, and continued to produce great paintings, but with insufficient remuneration. At last, in 1845, his truly great mind bent before the fierceness of the winds of ceaseless misfortune. The deep shadows of death filled his cheerless studio with gloom. His sorely tried heart was disquieted. He toiled at his canvas with exhaustless zeal. To produce a series of six historical pictures was his purpose. "The Banishment of Aristides" and "Nero Watching the Burning of

Rome" were already completed, when, perhaps for the first time in his life, his beloved art lost its power to soothe his soul and keep down the specters of want, domestic sorrows, prosecutions, arrests and imprisonments, which continually haunted his steps. He prayed, reviewed his life, read the "Confessions of St. Augustine," sent him by his friend, Dr. Hook, wrote, very truly, that "the first step toward fitting the soul to stand before its Maker is a conviction of its unworthiness," but none of these things cheered him. The gloom thickened.

He exhibited the last-named pictures at Egyptian Hall. "Tom Thumb," Barnum's dwarf, was in the next room to Haydon's pictures. The public, led by coroneted heads and titled leaders of opinion, rushed to the levees of little Tom, but were oblivious of the merit of Aristides and Nero. This exhibition, instead of relieving, sunk our unfortunate artist more deeply in the mire of debt.

Again he renews the struggle to keep the sheriff from his door, working enthusiastically on his

pictures. Presently he discovers that it can not be done. He owes fifteen thousand dollars. A friend appears, offering him the loan of five thousand. He is cheered, meets his friend to receive the money, and is told that he can not have it. This bad news disheartens him again. He drinks deeply of hotel wines, and returns to his home sick in heart, body, and brain.

In his despair he now appeals to Sir Robert Peel for help from the public funds. The great, rich man sends him two hundred and fifty dollars. No wonder the artist feels his "heart sink," his brain "confused," and that his wonted sleep forsakes his pillow. No wonder that he writes, June 21st, "Slept horribly; prayed in sorrow; got up in agitation."

On the 22d of June he went out early in the morning and bought a pistol. Returning, he breakfasted alone, and then, going to his studio, locked himself in, wrote "letters to his children, his will, and his last thoughts." About half-past ten his wife and daughter knocked at his door. "Who's there?" he asked, fiercely, but did not

admit them. Shortly after, "as if regretting the tone in which he had spoken," he went to his wife's room, kissed her affectionately, lingered as if he wished, yet dared not, to utter something that was on his mind, and then returned to his room. There he wrote in his journal these melancholy words:

"God forgive me. Amen."

"Stretch me no longer on this tough world."

Then, with sinful resolution, he violently cut the silver cord of mortal life and rushed unbidden into the presence of Him whose awful voice speaking from amidst the terrors of lightning and thunder-girt Sinai says to every human soul: "Thou shalt do no murder!"

The shock of this terrible deed fell with deadly force upon the lost artist's household, consisting of his widow and three children. "Two lovely girls and three boys had sunk under the distresses of their home." The surviving daughter, a very beautiful girl, who was the first to discover her father's body, fell beneath the terrible blow, and filled an early grave. The widow

lived but a few years more. The sorrows of her life bore her down to the gates of death before her time.

The story of the artist's disastrous end sent a thrill of pain through the nation, and he, whose genius had been so poorly rewarded while he lived, was followed to his grave by "an enormous crowd."

Haydon was over sixty years old when he brought his unhappy life to this miserable end. He is described by his own son as having been, at fifty, "a handsome, fresh-colored, robust little man, with a big bald head, small ears, aquiline features, a peculiarly short upper lip, and a keen, restless, azure gray eye. . . . He was a very active man; motion was his repose. In fact, he lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care." He was "prudent and economical" in his personal expenditures, generous to his friends, a devoted husband, a faithful father, always watching over the morals and education of his children, and ever striving to make them ambitious, but not low and sordid in their aims.

Haydon was indomitable, buoyant, and hopeful. His art absorbed, possessed him. He loved it supremely. He found his chief happiness in it. He toiled at his pictures with unremitting diligence, sparing no labor either in their preparation or execution. His paintings were highly esteemed by the best judges of art. Unquestionably he ranks high among great painters. But he was in advance of his times. The artistic taste of England was not sufficiently cultivated properly to estimate his productions, and, therefore, he was not fairly remunerated for them. No doubt he sadly lacked worldly prudence when he refused the profits of portrait-painting, and when he made open war upon the ideas and practice of the artists who ruled public opinion in the Royal Academy. Had he restrained his passion for high art until he had made himself pecuniarily independent, he would have escaped the most embittering trials of his life and have accomplished more than he did toward the triumph of his ideas. But, instead of possessing his ideas, he permitted his ideas to possess him, and that

fact plucked out the eyes of his common sense, and made him, Samson-like, an object of cruel sport to the Philistines. Nevertheless, considered as a painter, he was self-made, original, superior to his contemporaries, and generally conceded to hold no mean rank in the constellation of great painters. He must, therefore, be esteemed a victor in the race for renown. Was he a Christian?

No doubt he was *religious* after a certain fashion, but that he was a disciple of Jesus is by no means evident, either in his autobiography or in his biographies. The former indeed forces the conviction on the reader that his art was his God. His prayers seem but the breathings of his ambition to be accounted the great apostle of his art. They certainly did not bring him that essential evidence of a renewed nature — self-mastery. Not that he was immoral. He was not; for all the other passions of his nature were swallowed up by his great master passion. Nevertheless, he was insufferably proud, impatient of contradiction, scornful of competitors, not very observant of the Sabbath, given to attendance at

the theater, and was, in short, a man of the world. The tragic ending of his life, so deliberately conceived and executed, is melancholy proof that, in his struggles with the pecuniary difficulties which were mainly the offspring of his own imprudence, he was a vanquished man at the last. His name will be preserved on earth, but there is very little or no reason for hoping that it will be found written in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

X.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Novelist, Essayist, Poet.

ABOUT a century and a half ago, there was a youthful party at the residence of a gentleman in Elphin, Ireland. Among them was a boy, scarcely nine years old, who entertained the company by dancing a horn-pipe. This boy's figure being short and clumsy, and his face discolored and disfigured by the effects of a recent attack of small-pox, the fiddler laughingly remarked:

"That boy is like Æsop dancing."

The little fellow, seeing that this invidious comparison, frequently repeated by the man of catgut and resin, made him the laughing-stock

of the party, presently turned upon his waggish tormentor, and retorted:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing!"

This repartee, so singularly smart for a child, turned the laugh against the fiddler, and actually led to an important change in the life and prospects of the boy. Hitherto his parents had not intended to give him a liberal education; but this precocious display of wit led them to change their plans, and to place him under teachers who were qualified to prepare him to enter a university.

This clumsy little wit was no less a personage than the famous OLIVER GOLDSMITH, whose rambling life was like a romance, whose good-natured whimsicalities both charmed and vexed his friends, and whose writings hold a classic rank in English literature, and won a place for their author's name, among the children of genius, on the walls of Westminster Abbey. Let us trace his career, and study his character.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728, but his exact birthplace, like that of another dis-

tinguished Irishman, Lord Wellington, is uncertain. One of his biographers says it was at Pallas, another affirms it was at Elphin. He was the second son of a poor Irish clergyman, whose hard fortune was somewhat improved, shortly after Oliver's birth, by his presentation to the vicarage of Kilkenny-West.

Oliver's father, owing to his poverty, resolved at first to give little Noll only such education as might fit him to acquire a trade. Hence he sent him to a village schoolmaster, whose habit of telling his pupils wild, romantic stories did more to fill the boy's naturally eccentric mind with erratic notions than with sound knowledge. Nevertheless, his precocious quickness was such as to make him a prodigy in general estimation. His fond mother pleaded with her husband; other admirers of the witty lad tendered pecuniary assistance, and therefore Oliver, after passing through the hands of several instructors, found himself, when seventeen years old, entered as "sizar," or "poor scholar," at Trinity College, Dublin.

Up to this time Oliver, though by no means a dull student when he chose to apply himself, had won a higher reputation as a leader in boyish sports and mischievous tricks than for superior scholarship. He had been a shy, awkward, whimsical, eccentric, fun-loving, idle, thoughtless boy. Nevertheless, occasional flashes of humor which had escaped his lips had caused a very general impression in the minds of his friends that the rare diamond of genius lay hidden in his soul. They sent him to college with high expectations that scholastic studies would develop great powers, and make him a distinguished man.

Unfortunately for Goldsmith, his college tutor, named Wilder, was either too dull or too stubbornly attached to mathematics and logic to perceive either the bent of his pupil's mind or his rare latent ability. Goldsmith could luxuriate in classical studies, like a bee in a flower-garden, while logic, ethics, and mathematics were his abomination. Instead of humoring his preferences, Wilder abused him with passionate coarseness in presence of his class, calling him stupid,

ugly, awkward, and ignorant. The effect of this wrong treatment was to bring the young man's worst characteristics into dangerous activity. He had always been inclined to indolence, mirth, and social fun. He now made his aversion from Wilder an excuse for neglecting his studies, and for seeking the society of idle and dissipated young men. This was a serious mistake on his part—a fault which held within itself the seeds of many sorrows.

An event occurred when he was half-way through his college course, which ought to have sobered him, and have led to his resolute devotion to study. This was nothing less than the death of his worthy father, and the consequent cutting off of the slender remittances upon which he had subsisted. To keep him at the University, his uncle and other friends had to step forward with contributions, which, however, were so irregular and scanty that poor Oliver was often reduced to such straits as should have taught him valuable lessons of economy and prudence.

But to extract wisdom from his own misfor-

tunes was an art which Goldsmith never learned. Thoughtless obedience to his impulses was his rule of life. Hence, we find him engaged in a college riot, for the purpose of rescuing a fellow-gownsman from the bailiff, which cost him a public admonition, and ought to have taught him to curb his evil impulses. But it did not. Shortly after he happened to win a college minor prize, worth about six dollars. Instead of using this honor as a spur to increased study, he perverted it into a weapon with which to wound his own reputation, actually spending the money in paying for a supper and dance in his own room, to which, in defiance of college rules, he invited persons of both sexes. The quick ear of his tutor caught the sounds of revelry; and he rushed into his chamber, whipped him, and "turned his astonished guests, neck and heels, out of doors."

This indignity, added to hatred of his tutor, decided him to attempt a still madder prank. He resolved to run away both from college and country. To effect this, he sold his books and clothes, and then, with characteristic folly, loitered

about Dublin until he had spent all his money save a single shilling.

With this shilling he started for Cork, but was soon so reduced, by hunger, fatigue, and destitution, that he was glad to write to his brother, confessing his folly, and begging his aid in effecting his return to college. His brother responded kindly, and secured his restoration to his *alma mater*, after suitable humiliation.

Among the numerous freaks of his college life was one which illustrates both his good-nature and his improvidence. He met a poor woman, with five children, one evening. Her sad story of destitution so touched his generous nature that, having no money, he took her to the college gate, gave her his blankets, and some of his clothing. Then, after going to bed, and finding it cold without the blankets, he cut open his bed and slept among the feathers. In this comical condition he was found the next morning by a college friend, with whom he had promised to take breakfast.

But in spite of his indolence, improvidence,

conviviality, and insubordination, Goldsmith finally managed to gain his degree of Bachelor of Arts, "two years after the regular time." Besides the minor prize already mentioned, he had taken "one premium at a Christmas examination," for literary merit. But, on the whole, neither he nor Burke, who was his contemporary at the University, "had given much promise of future celebrity." Owing more to the faults of his character, which prevented its assiduous cultivation, rather than to any merely natural deficiency, his genius was destined to flower late. Instead of nourishing it as he had opportunity at the pure fountains of knowledge, his perversities of disposition led him to seek its nutriment in the paths of vagrancy and adventure, as we shall hereafter see.

Goldsmith's unsatisfactory university career had greatly weakened, if not wholly destroyed, the faith of his family and friends in his ability as a genius. His father was dead, his brother was only a poor Irish curate, and his uncle Contarine, who alone retained some confidence in his

intellectual resources, was not rich enough to do much toward helping him into a profession. Hence the erratic young man found himself standing on the threshold of the great world, in a state of embarrassing uncertainty respecting the future. Having failed to improve his first opportunities, the doors leading to prosperity were closed against him by that avenging Nemesis which always haunts the footsteps of unfaithful youth.

Happily, the kind heart of his uncle Contarine clung to the wayward young man. He invited him to his home, and urged him to enter the ministry. Goldsmith, who had not the slightest religious qualification for the sacred office, objected at first, not from conscientious scruples, but because he could not endure the thought of wearing a "black coat" and a "long wig," which was the clerical costume in those days. Finally, he yielded this prejudice, and at twenty-one began the two years' probation which must be passed before he could be ordained.

Never did a candidate for holy orders pass his

probation in such unseemly pursuits as did this thoughtless young man. Instead of studying theology, he read little besides novels, plays, poetry, travels, and biography. Much of his time was wasted in rustic sports, and, worse still, he made himself notorious as a convivialist in the company of drinking roysterers at the "little inn of Ballymahon." When the time came for his ordination he presented himself to the bishop arrayed in brilliant scarlet breeches! For this, and other unknown reasons, he was very properly rejected.

His uncle Contarine, though discouraged, did not wholly despair of his impracticable nephew, but procured him a situation as tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman. Oliver spent a year in this position, and then, disgusted with its restraints, he quarreled with his employer, quitted his duties, and, with a horse and one hundred and fifty dollars, set off, like a knight of the olden time, in search of adventures.

Scarcely aware of his own purposes, he rode to Cork, sold his horse, and took passage for America. While waiting for a fair wind, he spent

his time and wasted his money among some jovial fellows whom he met; and when, after three weeks, the wind became fair, he, with his gay associates, was carousing at some country inn. The ship sailed, and left him behind.

He had now but about thirteen dollars left. With this sum he bought a sorry little pony, which he humorously named Fiddleback, and with only one dollar in his pocket set out for his mother's home. After some queer adventures he made his appearance at the maternal door, where he was received as a prodigal son. That fond lady and all his friends had been deeply anxious for his safety. Now that he was with them again, their gladness at seeing him once more was succeeded by vexation at his folly. But this he speedily allayed by the good-natured whimsicality with which he related his adventures.

His uncle now proposed that he should study law, to which proposal he made no objection. The good old gentleman again opened his scanty purse, gave him two hundred and fifty dollars, and sent him off to London with instructions to

enter upon his duties at the Temple. Oliver set out with good intentions, no doubt, but when he reached Dublin he fell in with one of his old boon companions, who led him into a gambling-house and stripped him of his last penny.

We do not wonder that he was too much ashamed of his incorrigible weakness to inform his friends of the destitution to which this new folly reduced him. Fortunately for him, they heard of it, and, with inexhaustible kindness, invited him home again.

But something must be done for this young man, whose lack of manly firmness made him the sport of every temptation which addressed itself to his vagabond impulses. What shall we do with him? was the despairing inquiry of his much-tried friends. Finally, they advised him to study medicine. He consented at once, and, when twenty-four years old, arrived in Edinburgh, and entered himself as a medical stndent in the University of that city.

He spent two years in Edinburgh, giving some time and attention to medical lectures, but more

to the orgies of bottle companions. He then proposed to finish his studies at Paris and Leyden. His uncle's unfailing purse again furnished him with about one hundred and sixty dollars. With this sum in his pocket he set out for Leith, intending to sail thence for Holland.

Again his impulse swallowed his intention; for, finding six jolly companions at his inn about to sail for Bordeaux, he foolishly embarked for that port for the sake of their society. Stress of weather drove her into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he and these strangers went ashore for a revel. While laughing over the bottle, they were all arrested and thrown into prison, because the six were Scotchmen in the service of the French. Goldsmith, like poor Tray, being in bad company, shared their fate, at least for a fortnight, after which he procured his release.

Freed from durance vile, he next embarked for Rotterdam, whence he proceeded to Leyden. There for a year he gave some attention to medical studies, but more to general literature. Still his bad impulses ruled him. The gambler and

the boon companion tempted him to dissipation, and, being very scantily supplied with funds from home, he was often penniless, and obliged to resort to various shifts to escape absolute destitution. Happily for him, a fellow-student, named Ellis, discovered his "innate merits," and saw beneath his vagabond habits "the feelings of a gentleman and the information of a scholar." This generous gentleman often loaned him money, and finally, finding him stripped of his last shilling by gamblers, offered him further aid only on condition of his leaving the scene of temptations which he had not strength to overcome.

Accordingly, this weak child of genius accepted a loan with which to pay his traveling expenses to Paris. But again his impulse led him out of the path of common sense and ordinary prudence. Before leaving Leyden, he rambled into the garden of a florist. There he saw a fine display of costly bulbs, for which, at that period, there was a prevailing mania in Holland. It occurred to him that his uncle Contarine was an admirer of tulips, and that to send him some bulbs would be

a grateful and delicate recognition of his long-continued liberality. Without further deliberation he purchased some choice bulbs, paid for them, and then recollected that he had spent nearly every shilling of the money which he had borrowed to pay his expenses to Paris.

What was he to do? He was ashamed to confess his folly to his indulgent friend. Pride prevented him from giving up his journey. His only alternative was to start on foot, with one spare shirt, his flute, and about five dollars in his pocket; and this he actually did, and thus commenced his wanderings as a "Philosophic Vagabond." Was ever a man of genius more unpardonably improvident than this far-famed Oliver Goldsmith?

Goldsmith for the next two years lived a vagrant life, "pursuing novelty and losing content." He wandered first to Paris, where he attended medical lectures for a short time. He next rambled into Germany and Switzerland. Then he strolled through Italy, back again to France, and thence across the Channel to England, where he

found himself, as he says, "without friends, recommendations, money, or influence." A hard lot, truly, for a man of genius, twenty-eight years old; but whom could he justly blame besides himself?

On the Continent he had lived by various vagabondish expedients, but chiefly by singing songs and playing lively tunes on his flute to the peasantry of Flanders and France. Sometimes he had found entertainment in monasteries and colleges, where his pleasing and instructive conversation secured him a cheerful welcome. But none of these devices availed him in England, and for a while we find him earning a scanty living in a band of strolling players; and, when he was at his lowest point of destitution, he was only too glad to lodge among the "beggars of Ax Lane," in London. Poor Goldsmith! To what indignities did his follies compel him to submit!

At length his circumstances began to brighten somewhat. He obtained the situation of usher in a boys' academy, but soon threw it up in disgust.

Next he became a chemist's assistant. Then an old college friend accidentally stumbled upon him, loaned him money, and persuaded him to set up as a physician. While pursuing this profession, with indifferent success, he was introduced to the booksellers, became a proof-reader, and formed some literary acquaintances. His next step was to take temporary charge of a school; after which he became contributor to the *Monthly Review*, on which he drudged for his bread some five months. Then, quarreling with its niggardly proprietor, he broke off his connection with it, and looked round anxiously for better things.

His value as a literary contributor was by this time known to several publishers, and he soon found plenty of work, though with poor pay, and little increase of popular reputation; still his necessities kept his pen busy, and when, in 1759, his first important production, "An Inquiry into the State of Polite Literature," appeared, his extraordinary merits as an author began to be recognized by the literary magnates of the metropolis. Dr. Smollett, editor of the *British Magazine*,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH ARRESTED.

Newbery, a noted publisher, and others, became his friends, his pecuniary means increased, and, in 1761, Johnson, the "Great Cham" of the literary world, said "Goldsmith was one of the first men in existence as an author."

But while he was winning reputation among literary men, he was still unknown to the great public, and still doomed to struggle with his gaunt old enemy, poverty. His lodgings were mean, and his pecuniary straits very distressing. One day he sent an urgent note to Johnson, begging him to hasten to his relief. The gruff but kind-hearted king of the literary world sent him a guinea, and speedily followed his gift in person. On arriving, he found Goldsmith violently scolding his landlady for having put him under arrest for non-payment of his rent. Yet, distressed as he was for lack of money, the improvident fellow had already spent part of Johnson's money for a bottle of wine! After soothing his passion by persuasive words, Johnson asked him what he proposed to do. Goldsmith then produced the now celebrated novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield."

His friend looked it over, saw its merits at a glance, bade the irate landlady not to proceed to extremities until he returned, and hastened with the captivating manuscript to Newbery, the publisher, to whom he sold it for the paltry sum of three hundred dollars. This timely relief enabled Oliver to pay his debt; but so unconscious was Newbery of the value of the unrivaled manuscript that he laid it aside until its author had won celebrity by another production.

The work which made Goldsmith known to an admiring world was his celebrated poem, "The Traveler," in which he gave beautiful expression to the many observations he had made and treasured up while on his vagrant wanderings over the Continent of Europe. Its "serene beauty, easy grace, sound good sense, magic numbers, and occasional elevation," took the reading world as by storm, and lifted the author from the position of "bookseller's drudge" to a literary celebrity scarcely second to that of Johnson. The public bought it eagerly. Charles Fox pronounced it "one of the finest poems in the English lan-

guage." Johnson said it was the finest poem that had appeared since the days of Pope, and it still retains a very high rank in English literature. Its publisher, Newbery, reaped a golden harvest from its sale, but to its now illustrious, yet still improvident, author it brought only the pitiful sum of little more than one hundred dollars! Such meanness as Mr. John Newbery exhibited in this transaction deserves the contempt of every generous mind.

Goldsmith's name was now surrounded with the aureola of a brilliant fame. Men of distinction, both in social and literary circles, sought his acquaintance. He became one of the founders and attractions of the celebrated Literary Club. His reputation rose still higher when the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared. His emoluments increased. His plays, "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," though not remarkably successful on the stage, paid him well. His "Deserted Village" added to his reputation as a poet. His histories of England and Rome, and his fascinating work on "Animated Nature,"

brought him considerable sums of money. Had he possessed ordinary prudence, he might have risen above his life-long pecuniary embarrassments. But of prudent forethought he had none. His expenses always exceeded his income. Not only did he expend much money on his personal expenses, but he also criminally wasted large sums at the gambling-table. His kindly impulses, too, became the instruments of his embarrassments, by moving him to give to every applicant who put on the appearance of distress, or who could invent appeals which touched his quick sensibilities. Hence it came to pass that the golden fruits which grew upon the boughs of his remarkable genius yielded him no more real exemption from pecuniary straits than did the poverty-stricken vagabondism of his earlier days. Though royally endowed with intellectual gifts, yet in the practical duties of real life he was always a child.

Perhaps it was in mercy to his many weaknesses that Providence cut him off in the prime of life. A nervous fever, brought on by a chronic local disease and mental distress, prostrated him

toward the end of March, 1774. On the 4th of April he expired, a few hours after saying to his physician that his "mind was ill at ease." His remains were quietly interred in the Temple burying-ground. His monument is in Westminster Abbey. Would that we could add, his soul enjoys the rest of the Redeemed!

Washington Irving says: "His religion has been called in question by Johnson and by Boswell: he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling mouth-piety of the other, but the spirit of Christian charity breathed forth in his writings, and illustrated in his conduct, gives us reason to believe that he had the indwelling religion of the soul."

We must warn the young reader against this estimate of Goldsmith's religious character, inasmuch as it is contradicted by the tenor of his entire life. The charitable romancist of Sunnyside evidently mistook Goldsmith's careless good-nature for that discriminating charity which is the fruit of the "religion of the soul." There is not a particle of evidence, either in his writings or in

his actual life, that Goldsmith ever had a clear conception of that divine life, originating in that new spiritual birth, which is the essence of the Christian religion. Neither did he bring forth the "fruits of the Spirit" in his conduct. From first to last he was a rollicking convivialist, a vain, improvident, thoughtless man. Though not habitually either a drunkard or a gambler, he nevertheless drank freely and gambled frequently. His tastes and pursuits were worldly. His will was too weak to keep his impulses under the guidance of his judgment and conscience. Had he been a man of stronger appetites and passions, his inability to control himself would have left him the victim of every species of sensual temptation. He was not addicted to the lowest vices, because his natural temperament did not incline him in their direction. And in his last moments, though he did confess that his mind was ill at ease, he died, giving no sign of true repentance or triumphant faith. Surely, such a life and death are not consistent with the possession of that "indwelling religion" which gives rest to the weary,

strength to the weak, comfort to the disconsolate, victory to the tempted, and purity to the sinful. Be not misled, therefore, youthful reader, by the false judgments even of so fascinating a writer as Irving. Weighed in the balances of the Gospel, even *his* life, beautiful as it was in its morals, may have been found wanting in that spirituality which is characteristic of the Gospel's ideal man. But, be this as it may, poor Goldsmith's life was such that we must mourn over him as a victor who, though successful in the arena of literary strife, failed to win the imperishable crown offered by our Lord to all who, by "well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortal life."

XI.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,

The Skeptic and Poet.

ONE fine morning in the Spring of 1811, an uncommon scene was enacted in the common room of University College, Oxford, England. The master of the institution and two or three of his "fellows" or professors appeared there, wearing grave, if not indignant, expressions on their countenances. Very soon a well-dressed young man entered the apartment. His figure was tall, slender, and delicate. His head was small, and covered with a thick growth of bushy brown hair. His complexion was of the purest red and white. His eyes were large and blue, and his face long rather than oval. His

expression was animated and enthusiastic. He stooped so much that his height was not at first apparent to an observer, and "he looked" says De Quincey, "like an elegant and slender flower, whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain."

To this youth the master of the college showed a little pamphlet, or tract. Speaking in stern tones, he demanded:

"Are you the author of this book?"

The young man's eyes flashed with angry fires, as he replied: "I beg you to inform me, sir, for what purpose you put that question?"

The master, evading this counter question, repeated his inquiry with vehemence, "Are you the author of this book?"

"If I can judge by your manner, sir," rejoined the young man, with an air of proud defiance, "you are resolved to punish me if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case for such a purpose. Such proceedings would

become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country."

To this untimely bravado the master responded in tones of sternest authority:

"Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?"

"I will not answer any questions respecting that book," said the youth, with dogmatic firmness.

"You will not?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are expelled," cried the master in a loud voice; "and I desire that you will quit college to-morrow morning at the latest."

Upon this, one of the professors handed the stubborn student a written paper, saying, "Here it is."

The paper contained the sentence of expulsion in due form, under the seals of the college. The young man took it with proud contempt, and left the room. But that contempt speedily gave place to a sense of disgrace. The sentence wounded him deeply, and he hurried to his chamber in such a state of agitation that his slender frame

quivered with emotion. A fellow-student, who was waiting for him there, struck with his disturbed aspect, eagerly inquired:

"What is the matter?"

"I am expelled! I am expelled!" was the response, as soon as he was able to speak. Then, after relating the incident just described, he sat on the sofa shaking his beautiful head, and exclaiming with convulsive vehemence:

"Expelled! expelled!"

The next morning this youth rode to London, in company with another student who had shared both in his offense and punishment. Going to the lodgings of a friend, at four o'clock in the morning of the succeeding day, he rapped at his door, saying in a cracked voice:

"Medwin, let me in, I am expelled—I am expelled for atheism!"

Who was this youth who, though not yet nineteen years old, was expelled from his college for the grave offense of spreading atheistic opinions?

His name was Percy Bysshe Shelley, afterward

distinguished for his rare poetic genius, and notorious for his defiant skepticism. Let us now take a glance at his birth and the incidents of his boyhood.

Young Shelley was descended from an ancient and aristocratic family. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Shelley, and was born in the family mansion at Field Place, Sussex, England, August 4, 1792. Here, in the society of his eldest sisters, he spent the earliest years of his unhappy life. His first instructor was Mr. Edwards, a clergyman, who served as tutor to the Shelley children. When ten years old he was sent to an academy at Brentford, which had for its principal "a hard-headed Scotchman" named Greenlaw. From that institution he was removed, after two or three years, to Eton. At eighteen, he entered University College, Oxford, from which he was expelled, as described above, before the expiration of his first year, for writing and circulating a tract in defense of the monstrous dogmas of atheism.

There is something so shocking in the idea of

a mere boy entering the lists in defense of such unnatural doctrines, that one feels curious to know the influences which led to it. Looking at young Shelley's early life, we find that he was chiefly led to the formation of his skeptical opinions by the unguided workings of his own peculiar mind. In his early boyhood he was left too much to himself, and to the indulgence of his own wayward and precocious fancies. His father was a bad moralist, and utterly failed to perform that part of a parent's duty which binds him to guide the thoughts and watch over the actions of his child. Moreover, the boy's first tutor lacked force of character, and did little for him beyond inducting him into the elements of Latin and Greek. His master at the academy had a strong enough character, but was passionate, determined, and utterly devoid of those elevated feelings which enable a teacher to win his pupil's affections, and develop his good qualities of heart and brain. At Eton he was still without the guidance of superior and sympathetic natures, inasmuch as his independent spirit, having led him to resist

the odious practice of *fagging*,* he became an object of dislike to all the masters except one, and a subject of bitter persecution from the senior pupils.

These were serious misfortunes to such a boy as Percy Shelley, with his sensitive and imaginative mind. They led him in his earliest years to ramble alone in solitary places, and to feed his imagination with stories of fairies, hobgoblins, ghosts, and demons, until it became distorted and diseased. Meeting with no sympathy at school, he isolated himself from his schoolmates, brooded over the real and supposed hardships of his situation, grew resentful against the evils of his little world, set himself in opposition to the opinions of others, and persuaded himself, at length, that because he saw problems in the Christian religion

* In the great public grammar schools of England it has been the custom, from immemorial time, for the junior pupils to perform sundry menial offices for the seniors. They black their boots, brush and mend their clothes, light their fires, make their beds, etc. This is called *fagging*. Where the big boy is of a cruel, tyrannical disposition, the young *fag* has a hard time, and when he rises to the dignity of a higher class, and is entitled to the services of a *fag* himself, he is very apt to revenge his past wrongs on the little fellow who serves him. It is a practice fraught with injustice, and it is surprising that its continuance is permitted in a country so aristocratic and intelligent as England.

which he could not solve, therefore they were unsolvable. Then, under the consciousness of an intellectual vigor, which, though callow, half-instructed, and undisciplined, was really rare, he put on the armor of a disputant, and, in the Quixotic spirit of a knight-errant, hurled his lance at the foundations of the Christian faith. In doing this, he foolishly advocated opinions which were not his own, for it can not be proved that he really accepted atheistic dogmas. The heads of his college, looking more at the possible evil influence of the imaginative young skeptic on his fellow-students than at the bearing of their act on the character and destiny of the offender, summarily expelled him. Had they reasoned with him, borne with him, and striven to win his affection, the story of his after life might have been happier and his end less melancholy than they were. Nevertheless, they doubtless acted, as it appeared to them, for the best interests of the college committed to their charge.

Young Shelley, driven from college by his own rash and foolish act, dared not venture at once to

meet his choleric father. He went to London, in company with a fellow-student named Hogg, who was expelled at the same time, because he would not disavow the opinions set forth in his friend's atheistic pamphlet. The following extract from Mr. Hogg's "Life of Shelley," descriptive of their search for a suitable boarding-place, will give the reader a further insight into our young poet's character:

"We found," says Mr. Hogg, "several rooms which seemed to me sufficiently comfortable, but in this matter Bysshe was rather fanciful. We entered a pleasant parlor; a man in the street, vociferated, 'Mackerel, fresh mackerel!' or 'Muscles, lily-white muscles!' Shelley was convulsed with horror, and, clapping his hands on his ears, rushed wildly out of doors. At the next house we were introduced to a cheerful little first-floor; the window was open; a cart was grinding leisurely along. The driver suddenly cracked his whip, and Shelley started; so that would not do. At one place he fell in dudgeon with the maid's nose; at another he took umbrage at the voice of

the mistress. Never was a young beauty so hard to please, so capricious! However, we came to Poland Street; it reminded him of Thaddeus of Warsaw and of freedom. We must lodge there, should we sleep even on the step of a door."

Here they found rooms to let. One of them had trellised paper on the walls. "There were trellises, vine-leaves with their tendrils, and huge clusters of grapes, green and purple, all represented in line, by colors. This was delightful; he went close up to the wall and touched it. 'We must stay here—stay forever!' he cried." And so the rooms were engaged.

This scene was characteristic of the young man—exquisitely sensitive, impulsive, fastidious, capricious, sentimental, and self-willed. And yet he had undertaken to overthrow the Christian religion! He had not yet learned to subject his feelings to the control of his judgment; nevertheless, he would fain, by a tract and a poem ("Queen Mab"), convince saints and sages, philosophers and theologians, that the faith which had comforted millions of souls, and produced

the grandest civilization known to mankind, was without foundation in truth! Was there ever a more monstrous bubble than the conceit of this brilliant but callow youth?

Skepticism is rarely found to produce practical wisdom and irreproachable morality in the lives of its advocates. In Shelley it certainly did not. By a conciliatory course of action he might have recovered his college status and subdued his father's irritation. But his proud, independent spirit rejected even the thought of submission. Should he, the would-be reformer of public opinion, acknowledge himself to be in error? Preposterous idea! He prepared to repeat his offense, and therefore he set to work at the completion and annotation of "Queen Mab," an atheistic poem begun some time before, copies of which he now distributed among his friends. Such was his haughty defiance of public opinion.

His next conspicuous act, if less wicked, was equally foolish. This was his elopement and marriage to a school-girl whom he chanced to meet at a boarding-school near London, which was

attended by one or two of his sisters. While visiting them, he saw a Miss Harriet Westbrook, "a handsome blonde, not more than sixteen." Her fresh, beautiful face made a deep impression on the young skeptic's sensitive heart. He corresponded with her, made her acquaintance, and became a visitor at her father's house. Mr. Westbrook was a hotel-keeper of considerable wealth; but, according to the aristocratic notions prevalent in England, his social position made it highly improper for him, the heir of a baronet, to marry an innkeeper's daughter. Shelley knew this, of course. He also knew that he had no means with which to support a wife during his father's life-time. Hence, an ordinary measure of prudence would have taught him not to cultivate an acquaintance which was likely to entangle his affections. But prudence was not one of our conceited young skeptic's virtues. He grew more and more intimate with the handsome blonde. He instructed her in his infidel sentiments, to which she but too readily responded. For some unexplained reason, this silly girl took a dislike

to her school. But, being compelled to attend by paternal authority, Shelley's diseased imagination pictured her as a helpless victim of intolerance. He advised her to resist, which was, of course, impossible so long as she depended on her father. Compelled to continue at school, Miss Harriet threw herself on her lover's protection, and boldly, if not modestly, signified her willingness to flee with him to the ends of the earth. Then, after scarcely six months' acquaintance, utterly regardless of consequences, the expelled collegian contrived to take this silly girl from school and to carry her to Gretna Green, on the border of Scotland, where they were irregularly married.*

As might be expected, Shelley's father, already greatly irritated by his son's expulsion from college, was highly exasperated by this ill-assorted marriage. But for the entail of the family estate upon his wayward son, it is quite likely that he

*By Scottish law, an acknowledgment before witnesses of an intention to live together as man and wife constitutes a valid marriage, even though unaccompanied by suitable religious ceremonies; but such marriages were deemed irregular and disreputable by all good people.

would have disowned him, and "cut him off with a shilling" in his will. Finding this to be legally impossible, he consented, after considerable delay, to make him an annual allowance. Meanwhile, the young couple, more or less straitened for pecuniary means, had moved from place to place, making their abode first in Scotland, and afterward in England and Ireland. Two short years sufficed to dissolve the charm of this romantic marriage in the bitter waters of estrangement. They then separated by mutual consent. Three years later the unhappy woman took her own life by throwing herself into a pond. A tragic ending to what, in the beginning, appeared to her inexperienced mind in the light of a delightful departure on the voyage of a charmed life.

Shelley had scarcely parted from this unfortunate girl before he did a deed which, though in strict harmony with his loose opinions respecting the sanctity of marriage, was insulting to his forsaken wife, and a violation of the laws of God and man. He made Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin—daughter of the notorious authoress of the

"Rights of Woman"—his mistress, and fled with her to Switzerland. This act, however, was a legitimate fruit of those so-called liberal principles, by spreading which he and other opponents of our holy religion proposed—and still propose—to reform the institutions of society and regenerate mankind.

Universal justice, love for all that is lovely, universal philanthropy, absolute toleration, were Shelley's watchwords. His poems flash and sparkle with beautiful lines in praise of these virtues. But they ring hollow and false in the ears of every one who sees their author deliberately wallowing in the mire of this adulterous connection. *Justice*, indeed! Was it justice to abandon the woman to whom he had pledged fidelity until death? Was it love to break her heart, and drive her to distraction and a suicidal death, as he did by forsaking her? Was it either love or justice to put Miss Godwin outside the pale of respectable society, as he did by this unlawful connection? Away with such sentimental conceptions of those grand virtues! He who loves justice acts rightly.

He who loves truly, honors, never degrades, the object of his affection. As to toleration, no true-hearted man demands more than liberty of thought and free scope for virtuous action. To ask toleration for vicious practice is to seek the overthrow of civilized society.

But this brilliant man of sentiment did not escape the strokes of an avenging Nemesis. When his wife destroyed herself, the blandishments of his mistress could not prevent the influx of an overwhelming heart anguish, which he expressed in these and similar lines:

"That time is dead forever, child!
Drowned, frozen, dead forever;
We look on the past,
And stare aghast
At the specters wailing pale and ghast
Of hopes that thou and I beguiled
On death's dark river."

This was not mere sentiment, but the utterance of a remorse so terrible that it drove him to the verge of madness, to "the devouring edge of mental darkness."

Besides the pangs of remorse caused by the

untimely death of his wife, Shelley was doomed to suffer the anguish of enforced separation from the two children she had borne him. "No man," says one of his biographers, "was fonder of his children than Shelley; he loved them to idolatry, and clung to them as part and parcel of himself." Nevertheless, the Court of Chancery decreed that, in view of his published atheistic sentiments, he was an unfit person to superintend their education, and that they should be placed under the guardianship of their maternal grandfather. This was a terrible blow—a heart-wound, from the effects of which he never recovered. Nevertheless, we can not help thinking his suffering was deserved, and that it was merciful in its influence upon his children. Most assuredly it saved them from being educated into those skeptical opinions which were the bane of their father's life.

After the death of his first wife, the father of Miss Godwin importuned him to relieve her from the social stigma arising out of their illicit connection by a legal marriage. To this demand, with characteristic inconsistency, he consented,

and Miss Godwin became Mrs. Shelley. We call this marriage an inconsistency, because the poet had long before adopted the immoral opinions of Miss Godwin's father respecting marriage. He had called it "a despotic, unrequired fetter—the fruit of superstition." Yet, in deference to "the opinion of the world," which he pronounced "a monster more terrific" than superstition itself, he had married, first, Miss Westbrook, and then Miss Godwin. Of course, we think these marriages were essential to the innocency of his relations to those women, but what can be said of his courage? He maintained opinions which he dared not practice; at least, not continuously. Happily for society, the martyr spirit was not in him. Nor is it often found in skeptical men; for the reason, we suppose, that, their theories not being grounded in right and truth, they can not command that support from the conscience which sustains every man who is ready to die for the truth.

Skepticism is rife in these evil times. The young reader is no doubt more or less in contact

with its plausible but loathsome sentiments. For his benefit we quote a confession of its social tendencies from one of Shelley's letters to his friend Hogg:

"Anti-matrimonialism is as necessarily connected with skepticism as if religion and marriage began their course together."

But did not religion and matrimony begin their course together? Was not the first manifestation of the Creator to man in Paradise accompanied with a nuptial benediction? Did he not lay the foundation of society by the institution of the sacred rite of marriage? Most unquestionably he did. "Nevertheless," says Shelley, "anti-matrimonialism is necessarily connected with skepticism." Of course it is. In denying the fact of divine revelation to man, it denies an institution which had its origin in such a revelation. And doing this, it condemns itself as opposed to the purity, happiness, and progress of mankind; for no sane mind can avoid the conviction that the abolition of marriage would be the destruction of society. It is wise, therefore, to regard skep-

ticism as a malignant Python, seeking to crush out the moral and spiritual life of mankind in its scaly folds.

Shelley now sought escape from his mental misery in those poetic compositions which have given him a high place among poets. He produced his "Revolt of Islam" about the time of his second marriage. In 1817 he left England and went to Italy, where he remained until his death. Here he became intimate with Byron, who, like himself, was at war with society and brimful of wretchedness, which likewise sought alleviation in writing poetry. Restless as a bird, Shelley moved from place to place, now writing his "Prometheus Unbound" and his "Julian and Maddalo" at Lucca; then at Rome, still busy on his "Prometheus;" and next at Florence, composing his tragedy, "The Cenci." Soon after we find him at Leghorn, and then near Pisa, writing his "Witch of Atlas," and finally at a house on the Gulf of Lerici.

Shelley always had an exceeding fondness for the sea, and was much accustomed to boating.

He owned a small yacht, built after a model of his own invention, in which he often sailed on the adjacent gulf. One day in June, 1822, he started in this yacht, with a friend named Williams, for Leghorn, where he expected to meet Leigh Hunt. Mrs. Shelley parted from him with an intense presentiment of coming evil, which, she afterward said, "shook her to agony." Shelley himself was in "brilliant spirits." The run to Leghorn was rapid and pleasant. He met his friend, Hunt, and, after seeing him comfortably settled at Pisa, started on his return to Lerici on the eighth day of July, in company with Mr. Williams, and a boy named Charles Vivian. The weather for several days had been close and sultry, as it often is in Italy, but the sky showed signs of one of those sudden, fierce squalls common in those waters. His friends advised him not to sail. Scorning their advice, he hoisted sail and left port with a fair but faint wind. For some time his yacht made rapid way under a heavy press of sail. Presently, when it was off Via Reggio, a fierce gust drove him furiously

along, blackening the water and enfolding his little vessel in its misty arms:

> "Enveloping the ocean like a pall,
> It blotted out the vessel from the view."

The wind soon lulled, the mist cleared, but the yacht, with its hapless owner and his companions, was buried beneath the treacherous sea.

For eight days, however, his friends remained uncertain of his fate. Then the sea gave up its dead, washing the bodies ashore at Via Reggio. Here, after a brief delay, the remains of Shelley and Williams were cremated, or burned. The ashes of Shelley were then taken to Rome for interment, and those of Williams sent to England. Thus, at thirty years of age, did the unhappy poet suddenly quit a world which, owing chiefly to his own self-will and pride of opinion, had yielded him little pleasure and much heart agony.

Poor Shelley! In spite of his great faults there was much in him to admire. He was extremely temperate both in eating and drinking. He was, in fact, a vegetarian. He seemed full of the milk of human kindness, never refusing aid to

the miserable. Nevertheless, we can not avoid the impression that much of his kindness, like Charles Lamb's, was the offspring of his impulses, of a delicate sensitiveness, which led him to relieve *visible* distress, as much to soften the pain it gave him to witness it, as to benefit the sufferer. Had his kindness been of a profounder nature, it would surely have kept him from breaking the heart of his first wife by deserting her. Moreover, we are told, that, after her suicide he reproached himself, not for putting her away, but because "he had not selected a female of a higher order of intellect, who could appreciate better the feelings of one constituted as he was." Surely this was the self-reproach of a cold heart, which measured the value of the woman he had sworn to love by her ability to minister to his mental vagaries, and not by her intrinsic worth. Shelley's admirers speak highly of his sincerity in maintaining his skeptical opinions. Possibly he was sincere in that he really believed some of the doctrines he asserted, but we do not believe he was a sincere seeker after *truth*. There was no

docility in his nature. He abhorred authority. What looked like truth to his mind he accepted, because he had reached the conclusion by his own reasonings rather than because it was truth. It was, however, his misfortune to be without fixed opinions, and his biographers can not agree as to whether he was atheist, pantheist, or deist. He hated Christianity bitterly, but professed to respect the character of Jesus, and to admire many things in Holy Writ. He was, in fact, an enigmatical man, a bundle of contradictions, an erratic genius. He loved intensely the beautiful in nature and in art, and threw his glorious conceptions of it into poetry, which justifies his claim to a lofty niche in the temple of earthly fame. But, though crowned with the laurels of a master of poetic art, a victor in the intellectual arena, he never won the nobler mastery of himself, nor rose to the loftier honor of being a son of God by faith in Christ Jesus, a benefactor of mankind, or an exemplar to succeeding generations.

XII.

CHARLES DICKENS,

The Popular Novelist.

SOME forty years since the reading world in England was asking, with eager and pleased excitement, "Who is Boz?" The stimulant of this almost universal inquiry was a serial story, published in monthly unmbers, called the "Pickwick Papers," which nearly every body was reading. Such was the sensation created by this work, when it reached the point where Samuel Weller is introduced, that it became the theme of every reader. The boys and girls quoted its humorous sayings in the street; the most popular physician in London, Sir Benjamin Brodie, read it as he rode in his carriage to visit

his patients; and a distinguished judge, Lord Denman, read it on the bench while his jury deliberated. As it was printed without the author's name, with only his pseudonym, Boz, on the title-page, every body soon began to ask, "Who is Boz?" And so unknown to fame was its author at that time that when his publishers said, "Boz is Charles Dickens," the public at first supposed that this name was also fictitious. An epigram of the hour put the question thus:

"Who the dickens Boz could be
Puzzled many a learned elf;
But time unveiled the mystery,
And Boz appeared as Dickens' self."

The question being fairly answered, the author rose to sudden distinction. He became the literary lion of the hour. And, what is still more to his credit, he maintained an unceasing popularity to the day of his death, in 1870. During a period of thirty-four years Charles Dickens was the most popular writer of fiction in all England, and wherever else the English language was spoken. The maidens in thousands of English kitchens

laughed at his Samivel, or shed tears over his Little Nell, and the Queen of England shared their feelings as she read his books in her cushioned library at Windsor Castle. Let us inquire whence this noted writer came, and what were the opportunities of his early life.

Charles Dickens could not boast of an illustrious ancestry, or point to a noble mansion as the place of his birth. On the contrary, he was of very humble origin. His father, John Dickens, was a Government clerk in the Dock-yard at Portsmouth when Charles was born, on the 7th of February, 1812, in a very modest house at Landport, near Portsmouth. He was the eldest son, and the second of eight children. When a year old he was taken to Chatham by his parents, where he remained until he was four years old, when his father, being discharged and pensioned by the government, removed to London, and became a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*.

There was not much in the circumstances of Dickens's childhood to help start him on a career to celebrity. On the contrary, he was oppressed

by many disadvantages. First among these was his personal feebleness. "He was a very little and a very sickly boy." Then, to use his own words, he was a "not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy," except that his mother taught him the rudiments of both English and Latin, and the Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist minister, added such instructions as were afforded at his academy in Clover Lane until he was nine years old. Besides these helps was the influence of such novels as "Roderick Random," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights," in prematurely developing his lively imagination, and rendering his highly sensitive temperament singularly active. No doubt these works had much to do in determining his future. They made him a novel-writer.

His childish ambition was powerfully awakened by a very simple circumstance. While yet a very small boy, walking out with his father, he was one day passing Gadshill Place, a house between Rochester and Gravesend, which was the scene of Falstaff's departure to rob the Canterbury

travelers. He begged his father to stop, that he might look at the house. Seeing that the structure had a sort of fascination for him, his father said:

"If you are very persevering, and work very hard, you may some day come to live in it."

The small boy drew a long breath, and said to himself, "That 's impossible." Nevertheless, the thought became an inspiration to his ambition, and he lived to become the owner and occupant of that very estate.

When he was about nine years old, owing to pecuniary difficulties, his father, after fighting a hopeless battle with his creditors, became an inmate of a debtor's prison. This misfortune bore hard on poor little Charles, first by keeping him out of school for three years, and next by dooming him to toil from morning till night in the blacking manufactory of his cousin, doing up countless bottles of blacking. Deprived of home sympathies—for he was obliged to lodge with strangers—cut off from companionship with boys of his own age and aspirations, pining in vain for the sympathy of loving hearts and appreciative

spirits, and left wholly to himself when his daily tasks were finished, the poor, sensitive, prematurely thoughtful boy suffered exceedingly. It is highly creditable to his childish character that he did not sink in feeling to the low level of the boys with whom he wrought, and that his tastes and aspirations not only kept him aloof and apart from the vices of his companions, but actually awakened in him that tender sympathy for the wretched poor, which is one of the highest excellencies of his writings.

An opportune legacy having prepared the way for his good-natured but impecunious father's release from prison, and a fortunate quarrel between his father and his cousin-employer having caused his sudden dismissal from the blacking factory, Charles was once more sent to a school, kept in London by a Welshman named Jones. By this time his health had improved. He had become a "healthy-looking boy, small, but well built, with a more than usual flow of spirits inducing to harmless fun." He gave no indication of future celebrity, however, during the whole of his

three years' stay at this institution, nor during a brief term which he spent subsequently at another school.

His school education was now finished. What it had done for him was but too faithfully expressed by his easy-going father when soliciting a place for his son in an attorney's office. Said the attorney:

"Pray, Mr. Dickens, where was your son educated?"

"Why, indeed, sir,—ha! ha! he may be said to have educated himself!"

Thus, partially educated, he now went into an attorney's office as a sort of "office-lad." But, not finding his work there at all congenial, nor seeing any prospect of advancement before him, he soon turned his attention to the study of shorthand, intending to seek employment as a parliamentary reporter. This task, pursued without the aid of a tutor, was a hard one. But young Dickens undertook it with a resolution to master it. He devoted himself to it completely, throwing all his powers into it. The result was that he suc-

ceeded, and when nineteen years of age he entered the reporter's gallery. There, by the most painstaking faithfulness, he speedily won his way to the front rank. The little, half-starved paster of labels on blacking-bottles had worked his way, with very little parental aid, into a respectable position which assured him the means of comfortable self-maintenance. The means by which he suddenly blazed forth in the world of literature as "a bright particular star," commanding the admiration of thousands of readers shall next be considered.

One evening in December, 1833, a young man was seen moving stealthily up a dark court in Fleet Street, London, and into a dark office. There he crept with fear and trembling up to a dark letter-box, into which he dropped a manuscript, and then stole back through the court into the street. When the said manuscript appeared in print, a month later, in the pages of the *Old Monthly Magazine*, the same young man walked, with a copy of it in his hand, from the Strand to Westminster Hall, and "turned into it for half an

hour, because his eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

That young man was Charles Dickens. The manuscript contained the first of a series of sketches which, after appearing in the aforesaid *monthly* and in the *Morning Chronicle*, were published, two years later, in two volumes, under the title of "Sketches by Boz." This literary venture put a little money into his pocket, and gave him some reputation, but did not make him a celebrity.

Encouraged by his success as a writer and reporter, Dickens married Miss Hogarth in the Spring of 1836. About the same time, at the suggestion of a publisher named Hall, he began the "Pickwick Papers" in monthly numbers. Their success was not very decided at first, but when, in the fifth number, he introduced the irresistible Sam Weller, they began to be highly relished by the public. When the fifteenth number was reached, its sales amounted to forty thousand copies, and its hitherto unknown author found

himself on the topmost wave of an almost unexampled popularity.

The publication of "Oliver Twist" so added to his reputation that all classes of society became enthusiastic over the fact that a master in fictitious literature had arisen among them. Thus, by a single bound, this remarkable young man leaped from almost absolute obscurity to high literary renown. Each of his numerous subsequent works increased the luster of a name which commanded the affectionate admiration of millions of readers to the end of his busy life.

Only seven years after his stealthy, timid venture into a publisher's office with his first manuscript, we find Dickens in Edinburgh, receiving the honors of a public dinner, given him by the highest dignitaries, civic and literary, in that intellectual city. His hotel is beseiged by callers of the highest distinction. The freedom of the city is voted him by acclamation, and, to escape similar honors in Glasgow, he confesses, with a discreditable disregard of truthfulness, "to having circulated false rumors of my movements." A

year later he visited our shores, where his journeys were ovations. All classes, from the leaders of thought down to the most obscure of his readers, hastened to do homage to the genius which had created Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, Barnaby Rudge, and other typical characters that had ministered so much to their amusement in idle hours. We regret to add, that the snobbish spirit with which he received this homage was by no means creditable to his heart; he secretly laughed at his enthusiastic admirers and openly caricatured them in his "American Notes," published shortly after his return to England.

After the "Notes" came "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," and other works, with numerous and various contributions to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round.* The resources of his genius seemed as inexhaustible as was the admiration of his unnumbered readers. No other writer of his times was so widely read or so popular with all classes.

This remarkable enthusiasm of the people for his writings seems to have extended to his person also. He was not only the idol of the small circle of distinguished wits, artists, and authors with whom he was most intimate, but also of the people in whose interests his books were largely written. This was seen whenever he presided or spoke at public meetings for charitable objects. On such occasions the announcement that he would be present was sufficient to fill the largest halls in London or any other city, and his reception by the crowds who thronged them was demonstrative in the highest degree.

His perception that his personal popularity could be made pecuniarily profitable, and his conviction that it would harmonize with his characteristic "restlessness," led him, in 1858, to enter the field as a public reader of his own productions. The result fully justified his most sanguine expectations. His readings were successful to an extraordinary degree. Wherever he went the largest halls were too contracted to admit all who desired to hear Pickwick, Weller, Little

Nell, Oliver, and other favorite creations of his genius, speak through the lips of the great magician whose wand had called them into existence. And as those vast crowds listened, they were convulsed with laughter or melted to tears. Nor was a public reader ever more enduringly popular than Dickens. For although he continued to appear before the public in this capacity, at near intervals, during twelve years (including his visit of four months to America, where he *netted* one hundred thousand dollars), yet the desire to hear him was unabated to the very last. His career as a public reader was a grand triumph from the beginning to the end. It also made him a rich man by adding some quarter of a million dollars to his fortune.

We have already mentioned the hope awakened by his father's remark, in the mind of Dickens, when he was a small boy, respecting his future possible ownership of Gadshill Place. That hope became a reality in 1856, when he purchased that property for about nine thousand dollars. It was a proud satisfaction for him to enter upon the

possession of an estate which had so long charmed his imagination, though after buying it he was not much delighted with it. But as he improved it his liking for it increased, and, after a brief interval, he removed into it and made it his permanent residence. Henceforth he could half-proudly and half-humorously say, "Gadshill Place, the title of my estate, sir, my place down in Kent."

We now behold Dickens in the full possession of all that he desired, and vastly more than he had dreamed of in his youth. Celebrity, popularity, wealth, social respectability, public respect, and even affection, had all been won by the force of his own unaided genius. He owed almost every thing to himself; very little to others. True, he had worked hard, as all really successful men must. His books had cost him the constant unwearied, persistent, all-absorbing toil of many of his best years. His readings succeeded because of much laborious preparation, which was never relaxed. Thus work, hard work, very hard work, applied to the development of his remarkable natural gifts, made Dickens a victor in his struggle

for fame, wealth, and social position. And his victory was brilliant. It was no light thing in aristocratic old England for an unfriended boy to climb from that cellar window, where he pasted labels on blacking-bottles for a scanty living, up to that giddy height of popularity on which Dickens stood during the greater part of his life. A proud victor, therefore, was he in the race of life; but did he win that greatest of all prizes—that only prize which is really worth winning—a Christ-like character? While standing before the world crowned with the laurels of popular applause, did he also wear that yoke of Christ which brings rest to the soul of its wearer? This question we shall now endeavor to answer.

There is so much of human sympathy in the writings of this great novelist, and so much practical benevolence in his actual life, that it really pains one to reach the sad conclusion that, with all his wealth of human kindness, he failed to win the highest good; that, after all, he was only a man of the world, and not an experimental Christian. What his religious views were it is

difficult to learn from his biographers. One of them claims that he was a Unitarian; another that he held to the tenets of the Church of England. In one of his letters to a son leaving home, he speaks reverently of Jesus and of the New Testament. In his will he commits his "soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," and exhorts his children to guide themselves "by the teaching of the New Testament *in its broad sense, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter, here or there.*"

By taking these italicized words, in connection with his writings and his general manner of life, as our guides, we may form a tolerably correct judgment concerning his profession of faith in Christ as made in his will. Evidently he meant to condemn the orthodox view of Christian doctrine by the phrase, "narrow construction," and by the "broad sense" of the New Testament he intended to designate its humanitarianism separated from its *spiritual* claims—its requirement of a divine life in the soul springing from the "love

of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us." There is not a particle of evidence, either in his books or letters, that Dickens had either the faintest conception of such a life, or the feeblest desire for its possession. He was kind, he was charitable to the bodies of men (of charity to the soul he knew nothing), he was moral according to the standard of worldly society, he was full of sympathy for the outcast poor, but he was not *pious*. In point of fact, he did his best, through his Stigginses and his Chadbands, to make his readers believe that a profession of piety is sure evidence of hypocrisy.

Had Dickens been an experimental Christian, sound in the faith, his writings would somewhere have betrayed that fact. But, it has been truly said, "it is sad that the really Christian element is lacking in his pages."

Another able critic has well remarked:

"The good characters of Mr. Dickens's novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is that many of them—all the author's

favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse, not from principle. They present no struggle of contending passions; they are instinctively incapable of evil. It is this that makes them unreal—

'Faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw.'

"Another error is the undue prominence given to good temper and kindness, which are constantly made substitutes for all other virtues, and an atonement for the want of them, while a defect in these good qualities is the signal for instant condemnation and the charge of hypocrisy. It is unfortunate, also, that Mr. Dickens so frequently represents persons with pretensions to virtue and piety as mere rogues and hypocrites, and never depicts any whose station as clergymen, or reputation for piety, is consistently adorned and verified."

The eloquent M. Taine undesignedly concedes the absence of the religious element when he says that the "romances of Dickens may really be

expressed in one single phrase: Be good, and be loving. There is no real happiness but the feelings of the heart; its sensibilities are the whole of man. . . . Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the best qualities of man; that friendship, confidence, tenderness, tears, are the sweetest experiences of life. To live is nothing; to be useful even is not enough. He only has lived, he only is a man, who has wept over the remembrance of a kindness done or received."

Doubtless these critics are right. Dickens teaches humanitarianism, but it is a humanitarianism which is the offspring of natural goodness, not of a heart made new by the grace of God through faith in Christ.

Dickens's life was in harmony with his printed views. It was not a Christian life. It did not always respect the Sabbath. It was made up of work, travel, and fun. He was indeed somewhat of an epicurean, kept a French cook and a butler, loved good wine, revelry, and merriment. His letters betray a habit of using profane expressions. The theater was his constant resort

when opportunity served. But we let his admirers give us some inside views of his habits of life.

Franklin Phelp, quoted by Mackenzie, was a guest of Dickens at his home on Gadshill in 1869. He says: "On arrival (half-past twelve), commenced with the 'cider-cup,' . . . delicious, cooling drink—cider, soda-water, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar, ice, etc. . . . Lunch at one o'clock, completed by a liquor which Dickens said was 'peculiar to the house;' . . . at half-past three interval for 'cool brandy and water.' . . . Dinner faultless, wines irreproachable. . . . Eleven o'clock, 'hot and rebellious liquors,' delightfully compounded into punches."

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's "English Note-book," under date October, 1853, it is stated that, "during some [amateur] theatricals in Liverpool, he, Dickens, acted in play and farce, spent the rest of the night in making speeches, feasting, and drinking at table, and ended at seven o'clock by jumping leap-frog over the backs of the whole company."

"His keen enjoyment of the society of his friends," says F. B. Perkins, "was carried to an extent, in respect of convivial indulgence, which has left upon his printed works the only feature that is really open to animadversion. . . . On the whole, and for the United States, it can not be said that his works can be safely received as a guide in the matter of using alcoholic beverages."

"He was a generous liver," says Donald G. Mitchell, "in the English sense of that term. He loved a good dinner. He kept a French cook. He took wine with his dinner habitually, and very likely a sip of cognac after dinner. . . . But, on the other hand, he was most methodic in his habits. He indulged in no stimulants to quicken his working power, or before the hour of dinner, at six P. M."

We do not infer from these passages that Charles Dickens, tried by the standards of the world, was an immoral man, albeit had he possessed as weak a head and stomach as poor Charles Lamb the wine and the punches in which he indulged might have made him reel; but we

do insist that such conviviality, drinking, theatrical passion, and epicureanism shall not be termed Christian virtues, nor regarded as the fruits of a regenerated life.

But perhaps the strongest evidence against the Christian character of this distinguished man is the fact of his excessive restlessness. "I will give you rest," says Jesus, but mental repose was a state to which this successful man never attained. It pains one to read those portions of his correspondence with his friend and biographer, Foster, in which he complains of a "craving to get by some means at some change that shall make existence easier." "I have," he says, "no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. . . . Restlessness, you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I can not help it. If I could n't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish. . . . However strange it is to be never at rest and never satisfied, and ever trying after something that is never reached, and to be always laden with plot and plan and care and worry, how clear it is that it must be, and that

one is driven by an irresistible might until the journey is worked out. . . . As to repose, for some men there 's no such thing in this life."

These expressions of the spirit shown in his letters, through ten years, betray an anguish of soul which could not have co-existed with that "rest" which is inseparable from the Christian life. It seems to have found partial relief, at length, in the excitements connected with his public readings, which he engaged in because, as he said, "I must do *something*, or I shall wear my heart away."

Alas for such a victor as this, writhing, amidst the world's plaudits, in burning chains he could not break! Say, if you will, that much of this pain grew out of his unexplained estrangement from his wife, who, as he confesses, was "amiable and complying," and who was the mother of his ten children, but from whose mind he had grown away, and from whom he separated in 1858; yet, had he been the possessor of that grace of God which is "sufficient" for every human need, he could have borne with what he terms her "in-

compatibility," and subdued in himself the "thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition" to which he confessed. But he evidently knew nothing of that sweet "rest" which is found only on the bosom of Jesus. He sought repose in the excitements of writing, traveling, public reading, conviviality, fun, theatrical amusements, and domestic entertainments, but he never found it. Nevertheless, he kept up the vain pursuit until the 8th of June, 1870. Then, after writing several pages of his unfinished work, "Edwin Drood," he sat down to dinner. But his brain reeled; he fell, exclaiming:

"On the ground!"

These were his last words. The next morning he was dead. His remains were interred among the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey. His name is written among the masters of literature on earth. Is it also among those who, having won the mastery over the world, the flesh, and the devil, are counted more than conquerors by the Master of souls? Who dares hope that it is?

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